On Force: Learning the Wrong Lessons *The Editors*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts — February 1, 1975, 50 cents

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TRB

from Washington
February 1, 1975

Ten Years After

The funny little yellow men in black pajamas are still fighting in Vietnam with our help. This is their 29th year. Should we keep the war going any longer? If Congress cuts off aid hostilities probably will stop. Communists will win. How bad is that?

Dulles called Laos "a bastion of the free world" in 1960. "The security of South Vietnam remains vital to United States security," said a Taylor-McNamara report in 1963. Even "the Philippines would become shaky" if South Vietnam lost, said McNamara again in 1964—with a threat to Indonesia, Thailand, Australia, New Zealand and Japan. Is it possible that we once believed that? Yes, we did. *Time* magazine believed that, Joe Alsop believed that. Great men, famous men, Dulles, Rusk, Bundy, Westmoreland, Goldwater, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon believed that, or said they did. If you didn't believe that and said so you were probably a subversive.

This year is the 10th anniversary of when our part in the thing really started. Everything goes back to 1965. It was then that we first really hit the tar baby. It was then that we landed two combat battalions of marines as the start of an army that would ultimately reach 525,000. It was then that we began to bomb—"Rolling Thunder" was the poetic title for it. It was then that Lyndon Johnson began to fake his budget statistics to disguise how much it was costing, and it was then that his alarmed economists in the Council of Economic Advisers—Ackley, Eckstein, Okun—began to implore him, for God's sake, to raise taxes—inflation is going to get out of hand! It got out of hand. Today's inflation started 10 years ago.

This is another anniversary, too; two years ago—January 27, 1973—Kissinger finally produced his Vietnam peace treaty signed in Paris, the one that now produces another agonizing challenge to the United States. For, of course, it hasn't produced peace. Masses of new US equipment and ammunition were delivered to Saigon just before the formal truce. What happened then? Maynard Parker, former Hong Kong and Saigon bureau chief for *Newsweek* and now managing editor, *Newsweek International*, writes in the January issue of prestigious *Foreign Affairs*, "I am inclined to conclude that the South Vietnamese were the more guilty party." It appears, he says, "that they never really intended to implement the truce." The Communists by contrast, he thinks, supposed that "there would be at least a period of peace and were unprepared for—and staggered by—the aggressiveness of the government's operations." He adds, "Almost from the moment the agreement was signed, President Thieu took to the offensive."

Maynard Parker seems to be reasonably objective; at least at the end he concludes that the United States ought to keep on paying out money to Thieu: "there is something deeply wrong," he thinks, in cutting off the lifeline without which the Thieu regime would admittedly shortly collapse.

How many Americans agree with this? How many more artificial hearts are we willing to implant? The Ford administration is asking for around a billion and a half dollars in 1975 for Thieu in military aid, and another chunk in economic aid. It acknowledges that it is making reconnaissance flights. Congress, which can't quite bring itself to say no, may cut the sum again to $700 million. Meanwhile a group of well known denominational leaders, Methodists, Catholics, Hebrews, Friends, Episcopalians, demanded in Washington last weekend that American aid finally stop: "We are still militarily involved and we interfere continuously," they said, "providing more than 80 percent of the Saigon government budget."

Sooner or later we are going to have to face reality. It is a brutal reality. But when we face it it will mean perhaps that America has finally come of age. Denis Brogan once wrote, "Probably the only people who have the historical sense of inevitable victory are the Americans." We are not fighting now to win the war, I think. We are fighting it to save face. We were lied to about the war, from th make-believe Tonkin Gulf incident tha gave the President blanket congressiona authority to wage the struggle with only two negative votes, to the stealthy build-up of troops and treasure tha ultimately cost us 56,000 US lives.

"But if we pull out won't it go Communist?" asked Arthur Goldberg on a mission from Lyndon Johnson in June 1966, to tell de Gaulle of the escalation. "Yes, it will go Communist," said de Gaulle. "But isn't that against us?" asked Goldberg. "Yes," replied de Gaulle, "but it will be a messy kind of communism." And, as David Halberstam tells the story, he added, "Not a Russian or even a Chinese kind of communism. An Asian kind. It will be more of a problem for them than for us."

It is still too close to Vietnam to write about it objectively. Maybe we will have to hit the tar baby a few more times. But will our descendants believe it? Vice President Johnson calling Diem "the Winston Churchill of Southeast Asia." (We toppled Diem in 1963.) The devices that would win the war in "six months": bombing, strategic hamlets, enclaves, napalm, defoliation, free-fire zones, Cambodian sanctuaries. All the brilliant planning that defied common sense. The macabre perplexity: after the Mylai massacre a few small children were still running about and the soldiers gave them candy.

Always we fought a political war as though it were a military war. In 1945 Ho Chi Minh proclaimed the Republic of Vietnam and next year civil war broke out—29 years ago. The little country has been fighting since. In 1954 Dulles sent a messenger to tell the late Sen. Russell of the Armed Services Committee that he was sending in 200 advisers, and funding the country. "I think this is the greatest mistake this country has ever made," said Russell. "I couldn't be more opposed." Then he added, "But tell Dulles that if he does it I will never raise my voice."

Always patriotic; never contradict the commander-in-chief. Lyndon Johnson lacked money to fund the Great Society and figuratively shoveled into the Vietnam furnace parts of his program to aid blacks, the poor, the oppressed—they fueled the distant war. And when it is all over maybe we will write, as Barbara Tuchman sadly did in her book on Gen. Stilwell—"In the end China went her own way as if the Americans had never come."

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My name is Tony Jones. I just quit my job as Associate Editor of Harper's Magazine because I had an offer I couldn't refuse.

You see, for some time now I've been hoping to start an entirely new kind of publication. Now the opportunity is here—*if* I can persuade you to help me make the most of it.

No, not by subscribing. I need writers. Researchers. Editors.

Requirements: You are on your own.

And by you, I mean *you*. The new publication I'm asking you to help get started will be produced by its readers. By you, I hope.

As a matter of fact, the whole idea hinges on whether or not you contribute. Let me give you some background:

I was proud to work on Harper's Magazine, and I worked hard on it, but Harper's and other top magazines are committed to publishing the "best" writers in the world. This is understandable. And I agree we need this kind of source.

But this policy locks out communication of another, and in my opinion just as necessary, sort—different, honest, independent messages from the great numbers of intelligent and involved men and women who don't happen to be writers who know editors.

I want to offer a variety of communications from real people about just about anything. Short and pithy. Or longer if it plays that way. I'd have more by-lines than any other publication in the world. *If* my readers really did contribute.

In a real sense, this communication would be a collection of points of view. A swatch of our consciousness. An ongoing biopsy of our civilization.

When I announced my intention to Russell Barnard, the publisher of Harper's, he pledged that if I could actually develop the kind of magazine I wanted, he would publish it.

So I've decided to revive the famous HARPER'S WEEKLY, a national newspaper that flourished concurrently with the monthly Harper's Magazine from 1857 to 1916.

The people who ran that old weekly had the temerity to call it "a journal of civilization." Well, that is exactly what I have in mind for the new Harper's Weekly.

I want *you*, its reader, to write for it. I want you to write about your point of view from where you are. If you are a businessman and you want to talk about business, go ahead. If you are a housewife and you want to write about the effects of permissiveness on children, I think you are highly qualified. If you are a doctor who wants to pick up a pen and write a piece on your secret desire to become a hod carrier, I think it would be interesting.

Do you see it? A magazine containing people's thoughts and shouts. A kind of extended variant of the Op-Ed page of The New York Times, the letters to the editors of all times, hubbubby, and reflective of our civilization.

Frankly, many "experts" say Harper's Weekly doesn't have a chance. Reason? That you won't believe that I really mean what I say about *you* writing for it or researching for it.

Friend, I not only mean it, I mean it so much that *my* main worry about this enterprise is that you *won't* contribute.

I believe we need more exchange. We need more men and women of letters. People who can sit down and think something through and then write about it—not necessarily for posterity but to get the rest of us *thinking*.

Look, I'm also going to go out and buttonhole a person I think we should hear from who may not be a subscriber. And ask him to write. And I'm thinking of challenging some young artists to see if they can do as well with cartoons as old Thomas Nast did. I reserve rights like that. But once again, reader friend, the nub of the magazine will be your contributions, clips, original writing, or responses to other writing.

I've always felt it was a distinctly American trait that we *had* something to say. All of us. And that we couldn't be scared off or even bored off from saying it.

That when it came right down to it, we stood up and spoke our minds and left it at: "That's my opinion, bub."

I believe this is still true. And I love it about us. As for the reading, I believe we have a genuine and unfulfilled hunger to talk to each other.

O.K. If you're interested, you can help us in any of 3 ways.

1. *Do research for us.* As an active reader, you no doubt scan a wide variety of publications such as your local newspaper, specialized newsletters, professional, literary and political journals. Clip and send us items you think deserve attention. For each item we use, you'll receive a credit line and a research fee of $10.

2. *Write for us,* especially about things in your immediate experience that deserve sharing. Published contributions will carry your name and hometown, and you will receive an honorarium of $25.

3. *Support Harper's Weekly.* Take a subscription. Twenty-four issues for $6.

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Television presents 87 ways to beat the rising cost of being entertained and informed.

For a nickel's worth of electricity, you can take a front row seat at the romantic comedy *Love Among the Ruins,* starring Katharine Hepburn and Laurence Olivier.

And discover the lighter side of Abe Lincoln in *Sad Figure, Laughing,* with Hal Holbrook.

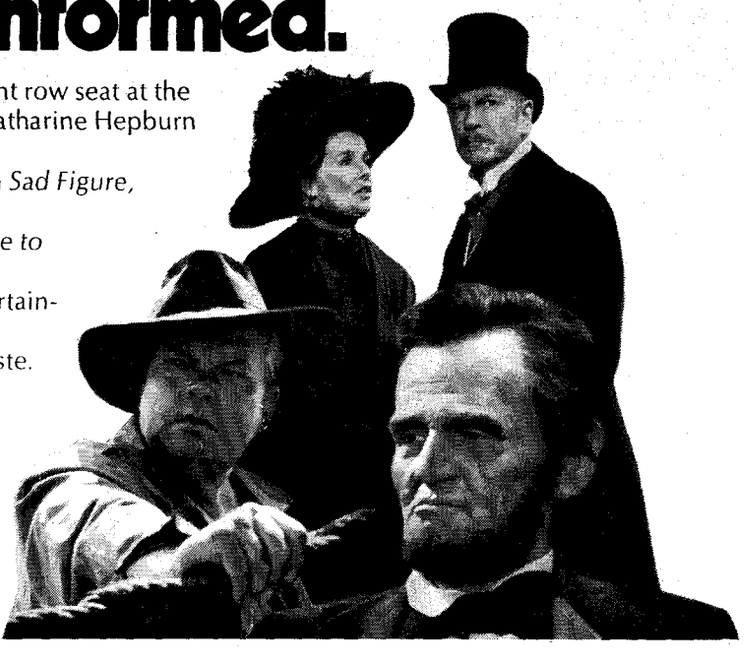
And join in the American Film Institute's *Salute to Orson Welles.*

With television, your cost for this kind of entertainment is about one cent an hour for electricity.

Television has something for virtually every taste. All the way from pure comedy to stimulating views of history and current affairs. Diverse programs on animal behavior, music, taxes and religious freedom. As well as delightful shows just for children.

In the sampling of February and March offerings below, the most selective viewer will find a rich mix of programs that entertain and inform.

For next to nothing.



CBS Children's Film Festival. Strange Holiday; Birds Come Flying to Us; Friends for Life; Paganini Strikes Again; Three Nuts for Cinderella; Orange Watering Cart; Bunnie; Anoop and the Elephant; Jumping Over Puddles. Saturdays, Feb. 1, 8, 15, 22; March 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (1-2 pm).

ABC News Close-Up. Washington Regulators: How They Cost You Money, Saturday, Feb. 1 (8-9 pm); Inner workings of Internal Revenue Service, March (Date and time TBA).

Nuclear Proliferation. NBC News reports on policies to prevent nuclear catastrophe. Sunday, Feb. 2 (10-11 pm).

Death Be Not Proud. Based on John Gunther's memoir of his son's fight for life. Arthur Hill, Jane Alexander, Robby Benson. Tuesday, Feb. 4 (8-10 pm).

All Creatures Great and Small. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Story of Scot veterinarian beginning practice in Yorkshire. Simon Ward, Anthony Hopkins. Tuesday, Feb. 4 (8:30-10 pm).

ABC Afterschool Special. Skating Rink; Santiago's America; Rookie of the Year. Wednesdays, Feb. 5, 19; March 12 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Sad Figure, Laughing. Sandburg's Lincoln—Deals with Lincoln's humor. Hal Holbrook, Elizabeth Ashley, Sada Thompson. Wednesday, Feb. 12 (10-11 pm).

Queen of the Stardust Ballroom. Maureen Stapleton as widow starting new life. Thursday, Feb. 13 (9-11 pm).

A Gathering of One. Portrait of 18th century theologian Jonathan Edwards. Sunday, Feb. 16 (3-4 pm).

Highlights of Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey Circus. Sunday, Feb. 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Oliver! Academy Award film based on *Oliver Twist.* Sunday, Feb. 16 (7:30-10:30 pm).

It's A Mystery, Charlie Brown, Monday, Feb. 17 (8-8:30 pm); **It's the Easter Beagle, Charlie Brown,** Wednesday, March 26 (8-8:30 pm).

American Film Institute Salute to Orson Welles. Noted moviemakers and film highlights. Monday, Feb. 17 (9:30-11 pm).

Dr. Seuss' the Hoober-Bloob Highway, Wednesday, Feb. 19 (8-8:30 pm); **Dr. Seuss' Horton Hears a Who,** Monday, March 24 (8:30-9 pm).

Maurice Sendak's Really Rosie: Starring the Nutshell Kids. Characters by favorite children's artist. Wednesday, Feb. 19 (8:30-9 pm).

1975 Entertainment Hall of Fame Awards. Honoring 20th century creators and performers. Gene Kelly, host. Saturday, Feb. 22 (10 pm-12 midnight).

In This House of Brede. Diana Rigg in Rumer Godden story. Thursday, Feb. 27 (9-11 pm).

NBC News Reports. The problem of handguns. Sunday, March 2 (10-11 pm).

Love Among the Ruins. ABC Theatre—Katharine Hepburn, Laurence Olivier in Angela Thirkell comedy. Thursday, March 6 (9-11 pm).

Survival Anglia. Documentary on gorillas. Friday, March 7 (8-9 pm).

Funny Girl to Funny Lady. Barbra Streisand live from Kennedy Center. Sunday, March 9 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Canterville Ghost. Bell System Family Theatre—David Niven in Oscar Wilde story of Americans intimidating English ghost. Monday, March 10 (8-9 pm).

The Hyena Story. Jane Goodall and the World of Animal Behavior. Thursday, March 13 (8-9 pm).

The Small Miracle. Based on Paul Gallico story. Wednesday, March 19 (8-9 pm).

Fashion Awards 1975. Diahann Carroll and John Davidson host tribute to designers. Wednesday, March 19 (9:30-11 pm).

The Law. 3-part series combines documentary and dramatic elements. Wednesdays, March 19, 26; April 2 (10-11 pm).

The Story of Jacob and Joseph. With Keith Michell, Colleen Dewhurst, Herschel Bernardi. Sunday, March 23 (8:30-10:30 pm).

The White Seal. From Kipling's *Jungle Book.* Monday, March 24 (8-8:30 pm).

Huckleberry Finn. New adaptation of Mark Twain novel. Tuesday, March 25 (8-9:30 pm).

Smithsonian: The Hope Diamond. Story of "curse" that afflicted owners of famous gem. Thursday, March 27 (10-11 pm).

Harlequin. CBS Festival of the Lively Arts for Young People—Ballet with Edward Villella, Rebecca Wright. Friday, March 28 (3:30-4:30 pm).

The Right to Believe. Directions—The struggle for religious liberty. Sunday, March 30 (1-2 pm).

Sojourner. American Parade—Sojourner Truth, early civil rights campaigner, portrayed by Vinette Carroll. Sunday, March 30 (9:30-10:30 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/AM America/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company/Zoom/Villa Alegre

Saturday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Yogi's Gang/Emergency + 4/Land of the Lost/Valley of the Dinosaurs/Sigmund and the Sea Monsters/Korg: 70,000 B.C.!/Star Trek/Hudson Brothers Razzle Dazzle Comedy Show/Harlem Globetrotters Popcorn Machine/These are the Days/GO/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/CBS Children's Film Festival/The Reasoner Report/Weekend

Sunday: U.S. of Archie/In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make a Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney/Nova/Masterpiece Theatre/NBC News Specials/Weekend

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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Learning the Wrong Lessons

Everyone claims these days to have learned lessons from Vietnam. Not, fortunately, the lessons prescribed by President Johnson and his advisers in the late 1960s. "If you read Toynbee," said Robert McNamara, "you realize the importance of a democracy learning to cope with a limited war. The greatest contribution Vietnam is making — right or wrong is beside the point — is that it is developing in the United States an ability to fight a limited war . . . In that sense, Vietnam is almost a necessity in our history, because this is the kind of war we'll most likely be facing for the next 50 years." Today's conventional wisdom is different: democracy can't cope; there is no such thing as a limited war; there must be no more Vietnams. So we are suffering from a case of McNamara in reverse. In speeches, editorials and ordinary Washington shoptalk the same simplistic argument appears, as if all wars were the same — and as if right or wrong is, as McNamara put it, still beside the point.

In this atmosphere it is important to remind ourselves that the case against the Vietnam war was concrete and specific. Indeed its opponents insisted on its particularity, in contrast to the McNamaras, who tended to see the war as the first of an indefinite series, therefore as an indispensable educational process for the US. We argued against this approach for the same reason we argued against the domino theory, because we were shaped by experience and the reading of history to pay attention to actual circumstances. Here was a war in which the US kept its putative South Vietnamese allies in power, one after another over a decade, and helped them to suppress every movement — including some genuinely popular movements — that sought a political alternative to fratricidal war. In short, we sided with the ruling mandarins against the Communist forces that had seized control of and were effectively leading a national liberation movement. As a result American soldiers found themselves punishing a whole society. In order to fight at all, they were driven to increasingly barbarous tactics: terror bombing, crop destruction, mass transfer of populations, torture of prisoners, and so on. The war, this journal insisted, was politically and morally wrong; it was wrong for *reasons*, and for similar reasons, we must be prepared to oppose similar wars.

But not necessarily all wars or all use (or threats) of force. It would be foolish to cling to an arbitrarily consistent policy that disregards all

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possible cases. *The New Republic* was hardly neutral about Spain in 1936, and it favored action against Hitler thereafter. It opposed intervention in Cuba in 1961; supported a "limited war" in Korea in 1950; opposed a "limited war" in Vietnam in 1965. The tradition of American liberalism is not pacifist. Politics and morality require making distinctions; different challenges require different responses. The Munich analogy, so abused in the Vietnam case, may be nonsense in one context and germane in another. So the residual clichés inspired by Vietnam leave us worried and suspicious. Here are some examples:

In a recent *New York Times* article Drew Middleton reported the reaction of some American military officers to Secretary of State Kissinger's qualified remarks about the circumstances under which force might be employed against the oil-producing countries of the Middle East. The project, they suggested, was "militarily feasible but politically disastrous." "We could do it all right," said one general, "but would the country stand for it? I doubt it. The 'no-more-Vietnams' trauma is still very powerful. And dangerous. There may come a time when we should move for our national interest and the memory of Vietnam will stop us." The tone here is threatening: we have let down our generals, and they don't know if they can count on us any more. But they are wrong to assume that those who opposed the Vietnam horror are blindly bound to permanent opposition to military action. This mistake reflects their failure to understand what has been happening in this country during the past eight years. In fact Vietnam mainly traumatized those who thought the American intervention morally justified or politically necessary, and who believe that the country collapsed under the strain. But many Americans, not traumatized by the war, were mobilized to oppose it — mobilized for *reasons* and not because they lost their nerve. They will judge future policies on a rational basis. They will be receptive to arguments about national interest and for that matter about ethical obligations to democratic allies threatened by terror and aggression, if these are honestly and squarely presented.

Even Secretary Kissinger has lapsed into the fashionable cliché. "We should have learned from Vietnam," he told *Business Week* in his famous interview, "that it is easier to get into a war than to get out of one." We agree that all foreign policy is pursued under a cloud of uncertainty. But that uncertainty varies according to the choices one makes, the goals one sets, the limits one accepts, and the quality of the dialogue between the *demos* and its leaders. If it took Kissinger a long time to withdraw the US from Vietnam, that was not because of the war, or of war in general, but because of his policies or, perhaps more to the point, those of the President he served. We could have ended our involvement in Vietnam easily had there been a political will to do so. There was always available the alternative of a coalition government in Saigon. Moreover there was never much at stake for us in Vietnam except, as our commitment deepened, the official perception of our credibility and "face" — and both of these would almost certainly be in better shape today had we pulled out sooner. In other parts of the world, there may be more at stake, and our options may be more limited. Given this, it is important that we be able to consider our options in specific ways, and not as evocations of a nightmare from which, as James Joyce's Stephen Daedalus said in another context, we are all trying to awake.

Meanwhile it's not clear at all that, even the question of aid aside, we have in fact gotten out of Vietnam. The peace agreement is plainly not holding; the US government has announced ominously that it will no longer be bound by its provisions. In an editorial urging that the US not reenter the military struggle, *The Boston Globe* concluded with a judgment that, we fear, is characteristic of the times: "America has learned nothing from the Vietnam experience if it has not learned there is no such thing as limited military intervention in the affairs of the peoples of Asia." If we have learned that, we have learned nothing of value. Intervention comes in several varieties; all sorts of limited interventions are possible, if they are part of a policy in which means and ends are commensurate. It is true of Vietnam today that we have no limited options left: we cannot "save" the country without destroying it. But the circumstances of Vietnam are not characteristic of Asia as a continent or of intervention as a policy.

Our decisions in Vietnam were motivated by an ideology, that magnified a civil war into a universal conflict, and made a parochial struggle an issue between international communism and the "free world." American policymakers, ignoring local circumstances, were disposed to fight limited wars for global reasons. It would be yet another disastrous consequence of this disastrous war if the opponents of the Vietnam adventure were to emerge from this period with their own global ideology predisposing them to blurring moral distinctions and ignoring the realities of political life.

One of the contemporary realities is the aggression of the oil-producing countries against the economies of the developing and developed worlds. Much of the current discussion of the option of force focuses on Dr. Kissinger's speculation, as well as on a thoughtful article in *Commentary* by Prof. Robert Tucker, who earned his reputation as a severe critic of the militarist reflex in American foreign policy. Tucker has performed a public service in provoking an open discussion of the political and moral aspects of a military choice that has surely absorbed our contingency planners, who prefer to contemplate the future in secret. As long as the international cartel deploys its financial power capriciously, adversely affecting the lives of hundreds of millions of people, the option of force will inevitably be pondered in advanced countries and privately

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welcomed in poor countries cowed by their very poverty into joining the OPEC cheering section.

In our view, then, these discussions are timely and proper — which is not to say that we have been persuaded by the case for military action. The risks of direct intervention are great and the moral issues ambiguous. It is not, in any event, an option anyone should embrace eagerly, though there are some trigger-happy people who will. Nor are we wholly bereft of middle-range alternatives in dealing with OPEC. Likely, in fact, these discussions will help to wake us from our stupor, and stimulate a range of economic and political strategies responsive to the world crisis created by the oil producers. With all this, however, an absolute commitment to abjure force, whatever the provocation, is as dangerous as a promiscuous commitment to fight one little war after another.

Losing Cambodia

In June 1970, not long after Richard Nixon ordered the Cambodian invasion, Rep. Gerald Ford described the operation by American and South Vietnamese troops as "a tremendous military success . . . far beyond the expectations of any of those who planned it." Mr. Ford is now responsible for Cambodia, and he may regret that he ever praised his predecessor's decision. For through no fault of his own, he may be compelled to preside over the loss of a client state to a Communist-led rebel force.

The Cambodian government, run by President Lon Nol's corrupt brother, Gen. Lon Non, is seething with factional rivalries, and the prospects for its survival in the face of insurgents who have mobilized since the Nixon action are slim indeed. The insurgents, nominally headed by Prince Norodom Sihanouk from his exile in Peking and actually commanded on the ground by Khieu Samphan, have isolated the Cambodian capital of Pnompenh from the rest of the country, making it almost impossible for the US to transport supplies up the Mekong River from South Vietnam. The US is barred by law from intervening militarily in the conflict. Rather than court the risk of losing American air force crews and arousing congressional and public opinion in the US, the administration has hired a private firm to airlift food, ammunition and other necessities into the beleaguered capital, but this approach can only provide Pnompenh with one-tenth of its requirements. Meanwhile US military and economic aid to Cambodia, which Congress cut by 30 percent for the fiscal year ending June 30, is practically exhausted, and there is little inclination on Capitol Hill to vote additional funds despite pleas from the White House. So unless a miraculous last-minute peace settlement can be arranged, Cambodia's future looks bleak.

The terrifying irony of the Cambodian devastation is that it could have been avoided. As far back as December 1967, when he was still Cambodia's uncontested chief of state, Sihanouk offered to cooperate with the US against the Vietnamese Communists, backing up his offer by closing his eyes to secret American bombings of Vietcong and North Vietnamese sanctuaries inside his borders. After his ouster by Lon Nol in the spring of 1970, Sihanouk said that he tried to open discussions with the US but, as Stanley Karnow reported from Peking in these pages nearly two years ago, his overtures were twice rejected by Henry Kissinger. Early last year the American ambassador in Pnompenh, John Gunther Dean, recommended that attempts be made to contact Khieu Samphan, who was then touring Eastern Europe and Africa in quest of support. Kissinger again vetoed the suggestion on the grounds that the Lon Nol regime was too weak to enter into discussions. Thus the fighting has gone on. The Lon Nol regime has become even weaker, and, should it fall to the insurgents, the Cambodian people will finally be rescued from the horrors of a war that never really had any meaning.

After Mao and Chou

The succession to Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai, both of whom are old and sick, has in effect taken place. China is going to be governed for the time being by a collective leadership group that is dedicated to the moderate internal and foreign policies that have been pursued since the convulsive Cultural Revolution ended five years ago. Thus the chances are remote that the revolutionary ferment that shook China during the mid-1960s will soon return, and, in particular, it is unlikely that the Sino-American relationship will be derailed. This is the significance of the high-level Communist party and government meetings that ended in Peking in mid-January. The men who emerged at these meetings as China's new ruling hierarchy are veteran *apparatchiks* committed to providing continuity and stability after Mao and Chou actually are gone, and, judging from the efforts they exerted to confirm their power, their elevation appears to have been gained at the expense of elements that had sought to promote radical principles.

The conservative trend is reflected in the dramatic comeback of Teng Hsiao-ping, the former Communist party secretary general, who was purged during the Cultural Revolution but has been "rehabilitated" and is now clearly Chou En-lai's heir apparent. Teng's present authority is enormous. His senior position on the standing committee of the Politburo makes him the most important figure in the daily management of the

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Communist party. The subordination of the Chinese army to the civilian party apparatus gives him considerable weight over the military establishment. And, in his capacity as first deputy premier, he is at the top of the governmental pyramid.

An intelligent and skilled administrator from Szechwan, the most populous Chinese province, Teng consistently has defended the party apparatus against Mao's personal command. In 1956, for example, he used Khrushchev's postmortem denunciations of Stalin as a device to curb Mao's influence, asserting at a party congress held at the time that "serious consequences can follow from the deification of the individual." Teng also assailed Mao's plans to collectivize agriculture on a massive scale, putting forth the pragmatic argument that "private farming is all right as long as it raises production, just as it doesn't matter whether a cat is black or white as long as it catches mice." This kind of anti-Maoist conduct earned Teng the animosity of the Red Guards during the Cultural Revolution, and, along with Liu Shao-chi, then China's chief of state, he disappeared from sight amid allegations that he advocated the restoration of capitalism. He did not surface until the spring of 1973, when he was exonerated, primarily in order to lend his talents to the reconstruction of the shattered Communist party machine.

If the left-wing factions that tried to eliminate Teng are disappointed by his current status, they must be equally displeased by the fate of their own representatives. Mao's wife Chiang Ching, one of the most vocal activists during the Cultural Revolution, seems to have been downgraded along with her militant comrades. The fact that Mao himself was conspicuously absent from the Peking meetings may indicate that he has chosen early retirement, perhaps out of dissatisfaction with China's present direction. The late Anna Louise Strong, the American writer who lived in Peking, once wrote that the party officials years ago "put Mao nicely on a shelf like a Buddha so that people would blindly kow-tow to him while their clique managed the affairs of state in their own way." It could be that, despite all the adulation shown him, Mao is back on the shelf.

This apparent retreat to moderation may not be durable, however. The history of China over the past quarter-century has been one of recurrent struggles between temperate and extremist adversaries. Teng and his associates are only an interim leadership group, and the radicals now in eclipse undoubtedly are waiting to reassert themselves.

COMING: Finding the *Times* in Offramp City—a true story by Herbert Gold

Organizing Congress

Freshmen on the Move

One reason a few of the old men who've run the House as they pleased for decades were finally toppled this year is that some people remember what happened to the class of '64 two years later at the polls. It was a slaughter. One who remembers is Rep. Richard L. Ottinger (D, NY) who survived the 1966 slaughter but lost a Senate bid in 1970 and returned to the House this year. He knew the freshmen of 10 years ago weren't prepared in January 1965 and received second-class treatment as a result. Ottinger was determined to help organize the new members this time around and found them not only receptive but with budding plans of their own.

Ottinger and his friends knew a lot of groundwork had been laid. Reforms in House procedures in recent years, including the "up or down" vote on committee chairmen, had already gone a long way toward democratizing the process. The freshmen themselves were the products of the turbulent politics of the last decade and had, as a group, wide experience in local and state government. Perhaps most important, they felt they'd come to Washington with two mandates, to further democratize the legislative process and to do something about the economy. If they failed on the first, they weren't sure that they'd have much to say about the second.

Since many votes in the Democrats' caucus held to organize the new House were sure to be close in any event, the freshmen, voting almost as a bloc much of the time, made quite an impression on their elders. The psychological impact is explained by Rep. Phillip Burton (D, Calif.) who was overwhelmingly (162-111) elected caucus chairman the first day. "I think I got an edge among the returning members but I suspect I got it because a lot of them figured I had most of the freshmen votes and was going to win anyway." The freshmen helped strip Ways and Means of its "committee on committees" function and, in the aftermath, sent a delegation of 10 to Speaker Albert to ask for one-fourth of the vacant seats on Ways and Means and Appropriations. They did better. As Ottinger said, "virtually every new member got the committee he asked for."

The next step of the freshmen was unprecedented—to ask all committee chairmen to appear before them in advance of the "up or down" vote on chairmanships. The freshmen wanted to hear about legislative priorities and Al Ullman (Ore.) of Ways and Means gave them a detailed talk on tax reform. They wanted candor. Wayne Hays (Ohio) of House Administration supplied it, openly disputing them on congressional campaign financing. Other chairmen suffered by comparison. F. Edward Hébert (La.) of Armed Services

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and W.R. Poage (Tex.) of Agriculture were evasive on many points. Wright Patman (Tex.) was described as "so-so" in his meeting with the freshmen. No votes were taken at the caucus but a committee of Tim Wirth (Colo.) and Toby Moffett (Conn.), two early leaders in the freshman caucus, was picked to do a report on the performance of all chairmen. The report singled out men like Hébert and Poage as flagrant in their violation of House and party caucus rules, dictatorial in dealing with committee members.

In the next round the Steering and Policy committee met to nominate a list of committee chairmen to present to the caucus. It was at first assumed that all sitting chairmen would be nominated but trouble developed early. A bloc of eight to 10 of the 24 members voted in the minority against chairmen Hébert and Poage. At least four or five more joined them to dump Hays and Patman, and the steering committee submitted the name of Frank Thompson (NJ) and Henry Reuss (Wisc.) to the caucus in their place.

Last week the full caucus met to cast the deciding votes. Of the four endangered chairmen, only Hays kept his job. There's no doubt the freshmen provided a big bloc of votes to reverse the steering committee on Hébert and Poage, replacing them with Melvin Price (Ill.) and Tom Foley (Wash.). Price shares Hébert's commitment to a strong national defense but isn't apt to arrogantly refuse to process bills the Pentagon doesn't like, as Hébert was charged with doing. Foley, a relative newcomer (class of '64), represents an entirely different outlook than the long line of Southern barons who've run Agriculture, and is perceived as a very competent man. Reuss will be as tough as Patman in dealing with banking interests.

The freshmen have shown their elders the votes are there to topple not only entrenched chairmen but reverse the leadership if one or both fail to carry out the mandate the 75 newcomers think they received at the polls last fall.

Paul R. Wieck

Ball and Chains

Late last year professional athletes in two sports reached the millenium. A baseball player was permitted to accept employment with the highest bidder for his services, and an involuntarily retired quarterback won partial summary judgment in a suit against the monopolistic powers of the National Football League.

Baseball, long exempt from the antitrust laws, has a standard contract provision called the reserve clause, under which the rights to a player are permanently retained by the team that originally hires him or acquires his contract through trade or purchase. Ordinarily no player ever becomes a free agent until his skills have diminished to the point that he is worthless on the field. Never had anyone been in the position of Jim (Catfish) Hunter, whose contract with the Oakland As was declared by an arbitration panel to have been breached. Hunter, a 20-game winner four years in a row and several times a World Series hero, is ranked among the best of contemporary pitchers. His new status, determined in mid-December, quickly demonstrated the advantages of being free to negotiate with more than one team. He was pursued by all but one of the 24 major-league teams, and within a matter of days concluded a deal with the New York Yankees worth an estimated $3.75 million. Needless to say, this dramatically exceeded the largest amounts previously offered to players subject to "take it or leave it" bargaining.

The National Football League also requires players to sign a uniform contract. After refusing to comply four years ago, Joe Kapp of the Boston (now New England) Patriots was blacklisted by the league. Kapp sued the NFL, charging that the standard contract was in violation of antitrust laws. In a decision announced just five days after Jim Hunter's unprecedented victory, US District Court Judge William T. Sweigert ruled in Kapp's favor. Judge Sweigert also applied the label "patently unreasonable and illegal" to two NFL institutions, the Rozelle rule (which restricts players from switching teams by giving Commissioner Pete Rozelle discretion to order compensation for the forsaken team) and the draft of graduating college players.

In the athletic community, where change is accepted slowly if at all, these two developments were devastating. The sports pages were filled with Joshua-Jericho imagery. "The walls of the sports establishment may not be falling down, but they're sure trembling," *The Sporting News* said editorially. "Ultimately professional sports will come tumbling down," a columnist wrote. Another lamented, "the closer sport gets to a business, the less it is a sport." That's the refrain from an ancient hymn favored by those who believe that sport, even in its commercial uses, is peculiarly ennobled. The twin tenets of the faith hold that athletics differ from the rest of human activity and that outside interference inevitably is insensitive and destructive. One typical laissez-faire appeal was delivered by Dick Young of *The New York Daily News:* "Now I don't want to make a blanket indictment of lawyers . . . It's just that the lawyers and judges are running sports, and overrunning sports, and they threaten to louse up the whole scene . . . They live in their own tiny world of torts and writs and answer-yes-or-no . . . How can that kind of rigid legal mind understand the basis for professional sports? . . . That is why men like [Judge Sweigert] should temper their technical decisions with reality."

The judge no doubt thinks he did. The 26 teams of the only professional football league then extant had

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conspired, under the leadership of Rozelle, to preclude Joe Kapp from practicing his trade. In their consternation over the decision, the NFL people complained that Sweigert had gone beyond the scope of the case with his characterizations of the draft and the Rozelle rule. But Kapp had been boycotted specifically because of his opposition to the NFL's contractual provisions, and it seemed appropriate for the bench to observe for the record that the law of sport does not conform to the law of the land. This is not to say that the Sweigert ruling guarantees conformity anytime soon. As one analyst put it, "Kapp won a limited preliminary victory in a lower court." The NFL is determined to appeal to the bitter end, and meanwhile will continue to enforce the Rozelle rule on active players and the draft on would-be professionals. Furthermore there is always the hope that an alarmed Congress can be persuaded to legitimize the monopolistic ways of the sports leagues. Football, unlike baseball, does not enjoy antitrust immunity, but Congress hastily made a special exception when the NFL and the American Football League needed sanction to merge some years ago. These 26 owners have a lot of influence, and now, surely, they will argue strenuously that the game cannot endure if players are to be afforded the legal protections guaranteed everyone else.

Meanwhile the baseball players' union is lobbying for congressional action of a different sort. Jim Hunter's case established nothing but the fact that certain players could command a lot more money if the reserve clause weren't in effect. Hunter, however, was not attacking the structure, but merely claiming that management had not lived up to the fine print (concerning insurance payments) in his contract. Other players are still restricted by the unique protection the Supreme Court long ago bestowed on their industry. Should the Kapp decision be upheld, there would be even more inconsistency than before in baseball's separate status. The union, therefore, would be pleased to see a comprehensive law recognizing that baseball players aren't different from other professional athletes.

Whether permanent changes will come about is still in doubt. The only certainty is that the owners of teams in all sports will continue their dogged resistance to the interference of the Constitution in league contractual matters. To do otherwise would be to depart from a consistent intransigence that caused Leonard Koppett of *The New York Times* to ask rhetorically, "Is it really beyond the capability of wealthy, experienced, educated and mature men, to whom every sort of legal advice is available, to devise a system that does observe the laws of this country?"

Michael Roberts

Mr. Roberts writes a sports column for the *Washington Star-News.*

Covering Intelligence

On Sunday, December 22, 1974, *The New York Times* led its front page with a 4000-word article by Seymour Hersh that began: "The Central Intelligence Agency, directly violating its charter, conducted a massive illegal domestic intelligence operation during the Nixon administration against the antiwar movement and other dissident groups in the United States, according to well-placed government sources." In his next paragraph Hersh added that "intelligence files on at least 10,000 American citizens were maintained by a special unit of the CIA. . . ."

No series of news stories since Watergate has had so

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quick an impact on government, while generating so much discussion among journalists, as the Hersh pieces that began that Sunday and continued to appear over the next three weeks. The way the stories were written, their placement in the paper by the *Times'* editors, the response by the executive and legislative branches and the impact on other newsmen all tell a lot about the state of post-Watergate journalism.

Because of the way the first story was written, many newsmen, including me, doubted whether Hersh really could document the serious charges implied by his dramatic lead paragraph. In the six columns of type that followed, Hersh did present a plausible story of how James Schlesinger looked into the alleged domestic activities after taking over as CIA Director from Richard Helms in early 1973. He also reported the concern felt by current CIA Director William Colby, who succeeded Schlesinger. What Hersh didn't do, however, was to name any individuals or organizations that had been subject to surveillance or infiltration as part of the "massive" program.

Investigative reporting is a highly competitive field. When one newspaper publishes an exclusive story its competitors are likely to concentrate initially on comments from those who dispute the published allegations. That process happened to some degree here. But no flat denials were made by the CIA or the White House. Hersh had covered those bases. Hersh noted in his first story that CIA Director Colby "had been informed the previous week of the inquiry by *The Times.*" How much Colby had been told of what Hersh knew or planned to write is hard to say but one later paragraph of the story offers a clue: "When confronted with the *Times'* information about the CIA's domestic operations earlier this week, high-ranking American intelligence officials [I take this to mean Colby or an aide] confirmed its basic accuracy but cautioned against drawing 'unwarranted conclusions.'" It is hard to believe the *Times* would have published the story it did without such an assurance from someone at the top of the CIA.

What the *Times* and Hersh did to follow up that first story reinforced the impression that they had solid but unpublishable evidence. At the same time, however, they created additional doubts among newsmen that the story was as firm as portrayed. The next day no new facts or allegations were printed. Instead the Monday, December 23 *Times* led with a call from Sen. William Proxmire for Helms' resignation as US ambassador to Iran and Proxmire's demand for "an investigation by the Justice Department of alleged domestic spying by the CIA." The Proxmire story was the first of several to run during the next week that were generated by calls from Hersh seeking comments on his initial story. Hersh, in fact, had called a Proxmire aide in Washington the day his first story came out, soliciting a statement.

Monday's *Times* also carried an article that tended to blur criticism of Hersh's piece. In a separate front-page story from Colorado where President Ford was skiing, *Times* White House correspondent John Herbers reported Colby had called the chief executive and "assured him 'nothing comparable' to what was described in the article was going on *now*." In *The Washington Post* that same morning, Mr. Ford was quoted as telling newsmen that Colby assured him "nothing comparable to what was stated in the article was going on over there, . . ." a statement that could apply to the past as well as the present. The President also said he told Colby he "would not tolerate any such activities under this administration," the remark that apparently justified the *Times'* second page-one story.

On Tuesday the *Times* did some more questionable editing. Helms was reported to have denied categorically that the CIA had conducted "illegal" domestic spying when he was director. But directly following that statement, Hersh wrote that James Angleton, the agency official who had run the counterintelligence office and who was now retiring "agreed with some of the allegations that were published Sunday by *The New York Times.*" Angleton's quote, which had been given to United Press International — not to Hersh — was that there was "something to it," meaning Hersh's first story. What Angleton had also told UPI — and what was left out of the *Times* — was that the published story had been exaggerated.

Hersh thereafter quoted Rep. Lucien Nedzi, chairman of the House CIA oversight committee as saying on television, "there's been an overstepping of bounds" by the CIA. Only much later, in the jump of his story did Hersh complete Nedzi's statement: "There was some 'overstepping of bounds,' Mr. Nedzi said, 'but it certainly wasn't of the dimension that we're led to believe . . . of what has appeared in the newspapers.'"

In subsequent days Hersh front-page stories continued to appear in the *Times,* some of them containing relevant but hardly fresh or important information.

Hersh's aggressive searching for additional information did turn up one new source — a former CIA agent who talked of carrying out domestic surveillance in New York city. It was the only new information on alleged CIA activities Hersh was to bring forward prior to the CIA's official statement. Nevertheless the impact of the original Hersh article plus his constant search for publishable comment brought important reactions. The President, for one thing, created the blue-ribbon Rockefeller panel to investigate the CIA.

On January 15 Colby appeared before a Senate Appropriations subcommittee and gave the CIA's detailed response to the Hersh allegations. He specifically denied a "massive illegal domestic operation," and the facts he presented supported his denial. The CIA had put together files on 10,000 civilians between 1967 to 1974, but 6000 of the names came originally from the FBI for overseas checks. Colby confirmed that 10 agents had infiltrated dissident groups in 1967-68 as

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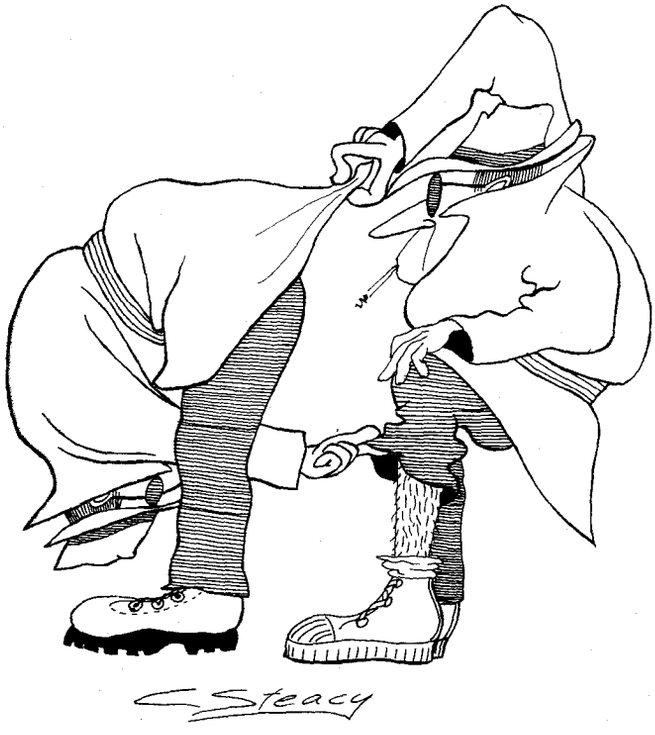
part of a program to protect agency facilities in Washington, and another 12 or so were placed in groups in the 1970s so they could travel abroad to gather information on radical activities overseas. He also said that in 1971 and 1972 newsmen thought to be getting leaks of classified information were tailed. Hersh's charges had not been fully corroborated, but he had come close.

Where was the rest of the press? During the early Watergate days the press had held back. Reporters stood aloof from the CIA story too, in part because it seemed not to be a developing story, except for the moves to investigate the original charges. One other possible motive needs to be examined, and it has for me a personal side. While I was assembling material for this piece on the press and CIA, Sy Hersh, who is a friend, suggested that perhaps I am too close to the subject to write about it. That may be true. I have strong feelings about investigative reporting and the responsibilities accompanying it. I also have past ties with the CIA. In 1959 I unwittingly was part of a CIA-sponsored delegation that attended the Vienna World Communist Youth Festival and a year later, with a CIA-paid-for plane ticket, I flew to India to attend a Youth Congress Party meeting as the American representative carrying greetings from President-elect Kennedy. In between those two events I was offered but turned down a job with the CIA. On two occasions in the 1960s when I ran congressional investigations for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, I had to deal directly with a number of CIA personnel, including Richard Helms.

I stipulate my association not as a *mea culpa* for what follows. I'm doing it because to understand the press coverage of the CIA, the FBI and other intelligence agencies, the public should realize that over the past 20 years, for many newsmen, these organizations were most often sources of information for stories, and not stories in themselves. For foreign correspondents, in country after country, CIA station chiefs were often the best men around to give an estimate of local conditions. Reporters almost never attempted to find out what the CIA was up to. In Washington there are other newsmen, editors and columnists who, like me, have past connections to the CIA or its officials.



These connections do not mean that reporters never have written critically about intelligence. My articles about the CIA and Watergate — and former Director Helms' questionable role in that affair — speak for themselves. With the Hersh story, however, I remained cautious, believing that the CIA had been drawn into domestic activities, but not convinced that these involvements were either massive or illegal.

Other journalists have taken different tacks. For example *The Washington Post*'s editorial page editor Philip Geyelin worked briefly for the CIA more than 20 years ago. He, too, has been uneasy about the Hersh articles. When the Rockefeller commission was appointed, the *Post* editorialized that the panel's makeup was sufficient to a task that did not involve treating "a gaping wound in the nation's side. . . ." Because of the *Post*'s editorial line, rumors quickly circulated that Geyelin's CIA bias was showing. When the *Post* later ran a story about a 1950s CIA mail cover on then AFL President George Meany intended to make sure that agency funds were going to the correct trade union people, Hersh called Geyelin to see if he were the source of the story. He said he wasn't.

What are we to draw from all this? First that the post-Watergate press is more openly critical of itself — in its questioning of colleagues and in writing frankly and critically of how it operates. Second that the grey *New York Times* has decided to undertake what I consider advocacy journalism in its news columns. *Times* managing editor A. M. Rosenthal denies that. He firmly told me the first Hersh story was not played "in order to bring about an investigation," and those stories that followed were only carried on page one because they were intrinsically interesting or important." The way Rosenthal sees it, an editor who sets out in a series of articles to influence events "becomes a participant," and he is opposed to that.

I believe Rosenthal is wrong. Like it or not, he and his counterpart in *The Washington Post* are participants. Their front-page story selections set an agenda for government. The Hersh story makes the point. It was vulnerable to criticism. The White House, CIA or congressmen could have nailed the overstatements and tried to ride out the storm. There was, however, enough truth in the Hersh piece and credibility in the *Times*' presentation to force serious, quick action which, one hopes, will be of a positive sort.

Walter Pincus

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White House Watch

More about Rocky

Here is a second report, following one in this journal's previous issue, on how Vice President Nelson A. Rockefeller and his chief assistants are settling into their jobs and fitting into the Ford administration.

The President is said to be pleased. His staff chief and coordinator, Donald Rumsfeld, said of Rockefeller the other day: "He is doing everything absolutely right. Recognizing the historical difficulties in the relationship between Presidents and Vice Presidents, I'm satisfied that this President and this Vice President are going to make it work." Senator Mike Mansfield, the Democratic majority leader, took note January 17 of the extraordinary sight of a Vice President actually doing the only thing the Constitution authorizes him to do, which is to preside over the Senate, and doing it not merely once in a while but four days in a row. "That is a record, at least since 1967," Mansfield said. Rockefeller caused some confusion and violated a Senate tradition by leaving the presiding officer's chair vacant for a moment on the first day of the new Congress. But he did well in general and showed a fine sense of decorum when, after listening through a long afternoon to arguments for and against reducing the vote required to close debate and shut off filibusters, he thanked the leading proponents and opponents of the change for educating him in so complex a subject without giving them the slightest inkling of how he intended to rule when the matter came before him on any one of several procedural points that could determine the outcome.

It wasn't all roses. For Vice Presidents, it never is. It had been officially said, for instance, that he as the President's second choice for chairman of the commission investigating charges of domestic misbehavior by the CIA would be allowed to pick its executive director. "The Vice President will recommend someone and the President will appoint him," Press Secretary Ron Nessen had said. As has happened all too often, Nessen didn't know what he was talking about. The President picked David W. Belin, a Des Moines lawyer whom Mr. Ford came to know and respect when he was on the staff and Congressman Ford was a member of the Warren commission that investigated the assassination of President Kennedy. It was said for the Vice President, with a trace of embarrassment, that he was sufficiently acquainted with Belin to be able to say that he approved the choice and that one of several lawyers suggested by Rockefeller might have been appointed if they had been available for immediate duty.

Another staff appointment, still to be decided and made when this was written, went to the fundamentals of the relationship between the President and the Vice President. It was the appointment of a successor to Kenneth Cole, executive director of the Domestic Council and a Nixon veteran who expects to leave in February. Ron Nessen, ticking off several assignments that the President had given or intended to give his new Vice President on December 21, said that Mr. Ford had asked Rockefeller "to be Vice Chairman of the Domestic Council, with a strong emphasis on working with the White House to find a new executive director to replace Ken Cole." This statement fell considerably short of saying that the Vice President would pick the director, but some of the Vice President's assistants assumed that he would. A logical choice appeared to be Richard Dunham, who was New York State's budget director under Governor Rockefeller and his defeated successor, Governor Malcolm Wilson, and joined Vice President Rockefeller's staff as his assistant for domestic affairs. Cole, it happens, is Mr. Ford's assistant for domestic affairs as well as executive director of the Domestic Council. James Cannon, a sometime political reporter and editor who has been a Rockefeller assistant since 1969, was also a prospect for the Domestic Council job. Within the President's senior staff, however, some serious questions and discussion developed. By law and in necessary fact, the Domestic Council is the President's policy instrument. Its executive director is the President's appointee and servitor, and in the nature of things that official's first allegiance should — some would say, must — be to the President. Without suggesting any disloyalty to Mr. Ford, it has to be said that the first allegiance of Dunham and Cannon is to Nelson Rockefeller. So went the talk and concern around Mr. Ford, along with acute awareness that appointment of a Rockefeller man to the council directorship would constitute and reflect a revolutionary change in the traditional relationship between Presidents and Vice Presidents. Vice President Rockefeller's predecessors, Spiro Agnew and Gerald Ford, were promised large roles in the Domestic Council and powerful representation on its staff. They didn't get either the roles or the representation. They never hoped to get the directorship.

The senior and probably most interesting person on the Vice President's staff is the designated chief of that staff, Ann Whitman. I have to say "probably" most interesting because she refuses to talk with reporters, including me. Mrs. Whitman — she uses and welcomes the "Mrs." — was the late Dwight D. Eisenhower's confidential secretary before, when and after he was President. She went to work for Rockefeller in 1962. She is divorced. She is the only Rockefeller assistant who gets the top salary allowed federal staff employees — $42,500. President Ford is allowed 14 assistants at that level. It's said of Mrs. Whitman that she really is the chief of staff, meaning that the Vice President's other assistants jump when she says jump. They are said to know from experience that her orders are always Nelson Rockefeller's orders and never hers alone. She and James Cannon attend Donald Rums-

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feld's 8 am meetings of the President's senior staff, a group that is at the top of the White House totem pole. Mrs. Whitman and Cannon are said to find the Rumsfeld meetings useful for expectable reasons, such as that the atmosphere at them is open, frank, brisk, informative. Attending them has another use which is very real but goes unspoken. The presence of Mrs. Whitman and Cannon keeps the President's people from indulging, at least at those meetings, in the cracks and quips at the Vice President and the inherent deficiencies of the office that have helped to denigrate it and embitter the relationship in past regimes.

Three Rockefeller assistants, Cannon, Dunham and the press secretary, Hugh Morrow, get $41,000 a year. Harry Albright, New York state's former Superintendent of Banks, is also paid at that rate but is aboard for only three months, helping the Vice President organize and staff his operation. Staffing it is fairly simple, given the Vice President's previously noted affinity for assistants who worked for him in the governorship and on his private staff. For the latter, notably including Mrs. Whitman, Cannon and Morrow, working for Vice President Rockefeller is costly. Morrow has said that his $41,000 represents a salary cut of 40 percent. Joseph Persico, Rockefeller's chief speech writer since 1966 (excluding 1968, when author Emmet John Hughes briefly and disastrously superseded Persico) gets at $40,000 about what he did on the state payroll and a lot less than he got after Rockefeller resigned the governorship. At around $37,000, Roger W. Hooker, Jr., chief of the Vice President's congressional staff, gets about what he did when he worked for Governor Rockefeller in New York and Washington. A rare exception to the generalization that Rockefeller seems comfortable only with assistants who have worked for him in the past is Frank Pagnotta, a retired army officer and civil bureaucrat who was Vice President Ford's and is Vice President Rockefeller's assistant for administration. A second exception is John Mulliken, a *Time* correspondent who was hired as Hugh Morrow's deputy and suddenly found himself in Rockefeller's immediate service when Morrow became ill.

What matters, of course, is whether the Vice President and his principal people are good enough for their jobs and for the higher jobs to which they may be called at any time. There is no doubt among them that they are. James Cannon bespeaks the confidence and sanctimony that pervade the Rockefeller scene when he says: "You do have this feeling that working for Nelson Rockefeller puts you in an enterprise that is larger than yourself. But it's not a cult. People who work for Nelson Rockefeller feel that they are dedicated to what he is dedicated to, which is the good of the country." Rockefeller is still "the Governor" to his assistants. Cannon, referring to a past event, said rather wistfully that it occurred "when the Governor was Governor."

John Osborne

Seizing Drugs and Cars and Cash and . . .

The Narcotics Project

by Richard W. Graham

In July 1972 Roberto Aguilar, a Mexican trucker, sent one of his trucks with $11,270 in cash into the US bound for San Antonio to buy automotive parts. Police seized the truck and cash in Laredo, Texas on "suspicion" of illegal narcotics activities, sent the two drivers back to Mexico on foot, and called the Internal Revenue Service. The IRS immediately assessed a $12,774 income tax against Mr. Aguilar, levied on his cash, and sold his truck for $750, refusing to explain how they had figured a US income tax in any amount against a person who was not a citizen or resident and who had never worked or earned any money in the US. When Mr. Aguilar went to court it became apparent that there was no basis for the tax and that the IRS had simply come up with a figure that would "justify" seizing the truck and cash. In ruling the IRS action illegal last September, Chief Judge Brown of the US Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit referred to the "total — the word is total — lack of any basis for computing the quick terminated tax to be $12,774 — almost the precise total of the money and the value of the truck."

This was one of many recent court decisions

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castigating the IRS for an illegal and abusive tactic that has grown out of the "IRS Narcotics Project," started as a part of President Nixon's campaign announced June 17, 1971 to step up enforcement of the drug laws. The project's stated purpose was to "disrupt the distribution of narcotics through the enforcement of all available tax statutes" and by "taking money out of the hands of traffickers." This use of the income tax as a blunt instrument to enforce the drug laws came on the heels of the repeal on May 1, 1971 of the narcotics excise taxes, which the Supreme Court had in effect held to be unconstitutional in the Leary case in 1969.

The tactic, called a "termination assessment," works like this: The police arrest a person on suspicion of a narcotics violation and find that he has cash in his pocket or other assets. They immediately call the IRS which, in a whirlwind of paperwork, "terminates" the person's taxable year, "determines" that he has had taxable income of such and such an amount during the year, and assesses a tax on this supposed income. Usually an IRS agent works up the amount of tax, serves a written demand on the person in jail, returns to his office and makes the assessment by telephone call to one of the IRS' 10 service centers, and then goes out and seizes the suspect's cash, bank accounts, home, automobiles and any other belongings he can find. This is all done within hours; for example on March 8, 1972 the IRS director in Phoenix ordered that "procedures will be developed so that terminations, etc. can be made in less than two hours," citing the IRS manual "that emergency situations may be handled orally and covered thereafter by written reports." The purpose of this speed is to freeze the person's assets while he is still in jail and before he's gotten a lawyer.

The "taxpayer" may thus be stripped of all his funds and property whether or not he is found guilty of a drug charge, even if no charge is formally made, and he is deprived of the means to hire counsel.

The procedure is based on a 1918 law that was designed to thwart income tax evasion by persons fleeing the country or hiding assets. One court has called it "a weapon, little known and previously not too often employed, having atomic potentialities in the arsenal of the tax gatherer," which enables "the sovereign's stranglehold on a taxpayer's assets," making him "indigent overnight."

The tactic is objectionable for several reasons. One is the often spurious basis for the amount of tax, which can range from no justification at all, as with Mr. Aguilar, to various subjective approaches taken to arrive at a tax that will equal or exceed the revealed assets that are the target of seizure. The IRS' internal procedure manual provides for two basic methods: One is to simply tote up all the taxpayer's assets at the time of his arrest plus his estimated living expenses and conclude that his income during the year must equal that sum, ignoring whatever net worth he may have had at the beginning of the year and any nonincome receipts since. The other method is to attribute to the taxpayer a certain level of narcotics dealing (often just extrapolated from drugs found in his possession when arrested) and derive a net income from that. Even in theory both methods fall short of the auditing standards used by the IRS for taxpayers who haven't happened to be arrested; in practice they have proved to be highly flexible devices for coming up with a figure that will justify seizing everything in sight.

In May 1973 Sharon Willits, a divorced mother of two, was arrested in Miami for speeding and for possessing a pistol and vial of barbiturates. (All of these charges were later dismissed. Four barbiturate pills were found in Mrs. Willits' purse. She maintained that they had been prescribed by her doctor.) The police found $4400 in cash and some jewelry in her purse and promptly notified the IRS, which within 24 hours of her arrest, worked up a termination assessment against her of $25,549 based on a "finding" that she had sold $240,000 worth of cocaine in 1973, and seized her cash and jewelry. In fact there was no evidence that she had ever been involved in the sale of any narcotics; there was only the admitted fact that she lived with a man who was suspected of narcotics dealing. A US district court judge said that he was "revolted" by what the IRS had done but reluctantly held that he was prevented from helping her by a 1962 Supreme Court decision that severely limits the granting of injunctions in tax cases. In July 1974 Judge Clark of the fifth circuit reversed and held the IRS seizures illegal, referring to the "gossamer basis" for the "altogether fictitious assessment."

Similarly District Court Judge Craig in Phoenix, in enjoining a termination assessment against Jerry Woods, whose home and automobiles had been seized by the IRS in 1973 in a termination assessment of $244,314, observed that "It taxes the credulity of the Court, and I suspect any reasonable court, to give any merit to the method of calculation and the computation worksheet" used to figure the "tax." In the Woods case the IRS report stated that at the time of his arrest he had in his possession 3.5 ounces of heroin, one ounce of cocaine, and "numerous" amphetamine tablets. The charges against him were dismissed because of the illegal search and seizure.

One of the more colorful (if less colorable) recent termination assessments was in San Francisco: The taxpayer was arrested on the report of a pharmacist from whom he had purchased what seemed to be an inordinate number of prophylactics over a period of months, and was charged with the sale of heroin, which it seems is often packaged in prophylactics for retail sale. The IRS projected the same rate of prophylactic purchases over the remaining months of the year, hypothesized that each prophylactic was used to package one ounce of heroin (apparently without deduction for normal usage), and then pyramided a

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series of assumptions as to cost, dilution rate and sale price into a bottom line taxable income. The taxpayer's attorney has protested the tax. The case will be taken to court unless a settlement is reached. In the San Francisco case a substantial amount of heroin was found in the house of a codefendant, and the subject was charged with conspiracy to import heroin.

The IRS' approach to figuring termination taxes is summed up by a fifth circuit judge's recent comment that "the cat got out of the bag" in the case of Antoine Rinieri, a French citizen arrested at Idlewild Airport in 1962 with $247,500, which was promptly seized by revenuers. A district court in New York declared the "tax" illegal after hearing this cross-examination of the IRS agent:

> *Q.* To be very blunt about it, isn't it the fact that you were just merely told to write a report that would come out with an income tax of approximately $247,500 so that the government would have a basis of seizing this money, isn't that the blunt fact?
>
> *A.* That would be part of it. My position is to protect the government.
>
> *Q.* I want an answer, yes or no, Mr. Vita. Isn't that the blunt fact?
>
> *A.* Yes.

The IRS has escaped scrutiny and challenge in the vast majority of the several thousand termination assessments made since 1971 through two expedients: first, it refuses to explain to the taxpayer how the tax is figured; the IRS manual states that "a written report will not be given to the taxpayer." An IRS spokesman says that some explanation may be given orally to the taxpayer after his assets have been seized, but that even then the explanation may be limited because the identity and statements of informants (which are sometimes third- and fourth-hand hearsay that would be inadmissible in court) are not revealed.

Second, the IRS takes the position that the taxpayer has no right to go immediately into court to have its action reviewed. It acknowledges that a taxpayer can go to the tax court for immediate review of the similar "jeopardy" assessment, but argues that this right is not available for a "termination" assessment. (A "jeopardy" assessment is made after the end of a year; it also involves seizure of a taxpayer's assets, but the assets must be held and cannot be sold by the IRS so long as the matter is pending in the tax court.) The IRS also claims that the 1962 Supreme Court ruling bars a taxpayer from going to a US district court for an immediate hearing, contending that the taxpayer's only right is to wait until the year ends, file a tax return, wait six months, then file a suit for refund in a district court. The inadequacy of this remedy is obvious — it requires the taxpayer to wait a year or so before even starting a court action, by which time his property has long since been sold at distress prices. For some such as Elizabeth Hall, a Kentucky taxpayer whose taxable year was terminated at January 31, 1973 and whose bank account and Volkswagen were seized for an asserted tax of $52,680 for that one-month period, the IRS position would require a wait of almost one and a half years before a hearing.

This raises in all cases the constitutional question of whether the taxpayer is being deprived of his property without due process of law, on top of other issues that have come up in specific cases, such as the propriety of a search and seizure (in Jerry Woods' case an IRS agent made a search of his home after state narcotics officers had gone through the front door with a battering ram), right to counsel and the privilege against self-incrimination.

For those left with enough money to hire lawyers and get into court, the results have varied. The US courts of appeal have split on whether a taxpayer is entitled to an immediate tax court hearing — the second and seventh circuits have ruled for the IRS and the fifth and sixth circuits have held for the taxpayer. Because of this conflict, on October 15, 1974 the US Supreme Court agreed to hear two cases: one is the sixth circuit's decision in favor of Mrs. Hall, and the other is a second circuit decision for the IRS in the case of Mr. Laing, a New Zealand citizen who was found leaving the US with $306,896 in cash and who was promptly assessed with a tax in the predictable amount of $310,000. (The second circuit had also ruled for the IRS on a termination assessment against Clifford Irving.) So this question at least should be resolved within the next few months.

Legality aside, there is the policy question whether the IRS should be in the business of narcotics law enforcement. In Mrs. Willits' case, the judge said, "The IRS has been given broad power to take possession of the property of citizens by summary means that ignore many basic tenets of pre-seizure due process in order to prevent the loss of tax revenues. Courts cannot allow these expedients to be turned on citizens suspected of wrongdoing — not as tax collection devices but as summary punishment to supplement or complement regular criminal procedures." And in Mr. Woods' case: "This Court is certainly favorable to cooperation between state and federal agencies, but I think it is a miscarriage of that principle to use the Internal Revenue Service as an arm for state enforcement of criminal proceedings. And I don't think Congress ever intended that the IRS be used for that purpose."

These abuses can be positively harmful to legitimate tax collection and narcotics law enforcement alike. There is some evidence that they have had a demoralizing effect on regular IRS auditors who see their professionalism tainted. And in some cases illegal tactics actually prejudice, rather than assist, effective prosecution of narcotics violations.

In his speech to the American Bar Association in

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Honolulu on August 14, 1974, Commissioner of Internal Revenue Donald C. Alexander acknowledged that "there are influences . . . which do affect the integrity [of the tax administration effort]. These influences arise most often when either the framing or the application of tax laws do not have the raising of revenue as their principal objective. . . . Selective enforcement of tax laws, designed to come down hard on drug dealers . . . promotes the view that the tax system is a tool to be wielded for policy purposes, and not an impartial component of a democratic mechanism which applies equally to all of us. . . . we have changed the criteria for IRS involvement in anti-narcotics . . . activities."

So what changes have been made? On May 31, 1974, possibly reacting to a critical *Wall Street Journal* article, the IRS instructed its agents to be more careful in termination cases. And IRS spokesmen say their manual is now being revised so that taxpayers will be given some kind of conference to discuss the tax, but still only *after* the assessment and seizures have been completed and still without giving the taxpayer a written explanation of how the tax was computed.

The head of the Narcotics Project in one major city said agents are no longer figuring taxes on the basis of a presumed level of drug dealing except in "very solid" cases. He also emphasized that most of the work of the Narcotics Project is now on normal audits, not termination assessments. Still, in view of Commissioner Alexander's remarks, why should there be a Narcotics Project at all?

Much now depends on the Supreme Court's decision in the Hall and Laing cases. If it rules that a taxpayer has a right to immediate court review of a termination assessment and that his property cannot be sold in the meantime, that may be enough to restore a professional character to IRS actions. If the Court upholds the IRS, there will be a clear need for corrective legislation.

Who'll Control Sun Power?

The Solar Derby

by Peter Barnes

Santa Clara, California

The city of Santa Clara lies 50 miles south of San Francisco in a robustly sunny valley. As in much of California, rain is concentrated in the winter months, leaving nearly 300 days a year of clear skies. Until now no one paid much attention to the economic value of all that sunshine. But things are changing. By July the city will have completed a new recreation building that will draw about 80 percent of its heating and cooling energy from solar collectors mounted on the roof. After that the city itself will plunge into the solar energy business. "What we see is a city-owned solar utility," says City Manager Donald Von Raesfeld. "The city will finance and install solar heating and cooling systems in new buildings. Consumers will pay a monthly fee to cover amortization and maintenance of the solar units. This will be done on a nonprofit basis, with the capital raised through municipal bonds."

Santa Clara isn't alone in its effort to convert sunshine into useful energy. A recent survey listed 68 US buildings, either completed or near completion, that are getting some or all of their energy from the sun. Dozens of corporations are involved in solar research and some are already marketing solar-related products. The federal government is pouring millions of dollars into solar research and development projects. And while the big commitment of government and industry is still to fossil fuels and nuclear fission, energy from the sun is no longer dismissed as farfetched or far off. According to a Westinghouse study funded by the National Science Foundation, solar heating and cooling of buildings will be economically competitive in most parts of the country by 1985-90, and are already almost competitive in sunny regions like California and Florida. By the end of the century, says the NSF, the sun could provide more than one-third of the energy we use to heat and cool buildings, plus 20 to 30 percent of our electricity needs. It could dramatically reduce peak demands for electricity — mainly for summer air-conditioning — and conserve fossil fuels for petrochemical uses for which there are no ready substitutes. Congress is equally enthused. Last year it passed five laws dealing wholly or partly with solar energy research, spreading money somewhat chaotically among the NSF, NASA, HUD and a new energy

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research and development agency.

The attractions of solar energy are apparent. It doesn't pollute or otherwise damage the environment. It creates no dangerous waste products such as plutonium. It won't run out for a few billion years. It can't be embargoed by Arabs or anyone else. It's virtually inflation proof once the basic set-up costs are met, and would wondrously improve our balance of payments. The technology involved, while still not perfected, is much less complex than nuclear technology. And of all energy sources the sun is the least amenable to control by cartel-like energy industry.

Why then has it taken so long to discover the sun? One reason is that the energy contained in sunshine is diffuse and fickle compared to the concentrated energy found in fossil fuels. As long as fossil fuels were plentiful and fairly easy to get at, it was considerably more profitable to collect and sell these stored forms of solar energy than to capture the sun's current energy emissions. Another reason is the massive commitment of dollars and scientists the US made after World War II to the development of nuclear energy, a commitment that in retrospect appears to have derived at least partly from guilt over having unleashed the atom for destructive purposes. ("If sunbeams were weapons of war, we would have had solar energy centuries ago," chemist George Porter has observed.) Solar energy is finally looking attractive because fossil fuels are no longer cheap, and because the drawbacks of nuclear fission—its hazards, huge capital costs, and low gains in net energy terms (it takes enormous amounts of energy to build reactors and prepare their fuel) — are now more widely appreciated.

Despite the attractiveness of solar energy, there are barriers to its introduction and use. The oil companies are much more interested in oil, coal, natural gas, uranium and geothermal steam— resources they can control and sell at hefty mark-ups. The electric utilities don't see much mileage in the highly decentralized uses of solar energy, though they are starting to look at such centralized uses as the generation of electricity on "solar farms" in the desert, and such semi-centralized uses as community-sized heating and cooling systems. The housing industry is traditionally slow to innovate, especially when innovations involve higher initial costs. So if solar energy is to be widely used before the end of the century, it must be pushed by all levels of government. The pushes need to come in four areas: improvement of solar technology, demonstrations of its practicality in different regions of the country, reform of building codes and zoning laws, and provision of incentives such as tax breaks, low-interest loans and outright subsidies. Fortunately things are moving in most of these areas.

The cooling and heating of buildings and water consumes 25 percent of the energy used in the US, and solar technology is already proficient in capturing energy for these purposes. Back in the 1930s and 1940s, solar water heaters were installed on thousands of rooftops in Florida; installation stopped only because natural gas became available at low cost. In Australia, Japan and Israel, solar water heaters are widely used today. The basic concept is simple: water flowing through glass-covered panels is heated by the sun and piped to a storage tank. The hot water is then used directly for bathing and dishwashing, piped through the house for radiant heating, or used to power an air-conditioning system. Improvements are still needed in the efficiency of solar panels (they could absorb more of the sun's energy than they currently do) and in the application of heated water to air-conditioning. The federal government is funding research on both these problems and, says Lockheed's Ken Marshall, an aerospace engineer turned solar researcher, "It's just a matter of a few years before we have efficient systems adapted to each area of the country." Cost reductions are also on the horizon as companies move toward mass production. PPG Industries is now selling solar rooftop panels at about six dollars per square foot; two Israeli manufacturers are exporting panels to the US at about the same price, and General Electric is "looking at the possibility" of getting into the solar panel business. Ultimately the price should fall to around three dollars per square foot.

Photovoltaic cells made from silicon have been used for years to generate electricity in space vehicles; the trouble is that their cost is high and their efficiency is low. Present costs are about $20 per watt; it should be under 20 cents per watt to be competitive with nuclear-generated electricity. Dr. Joseph Lindmayer, a leading solar cell expert, believes cost breakthroughs will come as soon as mass production starts, just as has happened with other semiconductor products. That could lead to a proliferation of solar cells on rooftops, generating on-the-spot pollution-free electricity without transmission losses. Here, too, federally funded research is playing an important role, though solar advocates say funding could be substantially increased.

Research in solar thermal conversion — using focused solar energy to drive turbines that generate electricity on a large scale — is being conducted under NSF grants by Westinghouse, Honeywell, the Aerospace Corporation of Los Angeles and a team of scientists at the University of Arizona headed by Aden and Marjorie Meinel. The electric utilities are also privately funding research in solar thermal conversion through the Electrical Power Research Institute in Palo Alto, California. The basic concept, first suggested by the Meinels several years ago, is for giant "solar farms" in the sun-drenched desert of the southwestern US; a variant proposed by Dr. Peter Glaser, vice president of Arthur D. Little, is a solar energy collecting satellite, orbiting in permanent sunlight, that would beam its energy back to a receiving station on earth. Because of the enormous capital outlays involved in both ap-

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proaches, commercial solar power generation is unlikely before the 1990s.

The focus for the immediate future is on solar heating and cooling. To demonstrate its practicality and to learn more about its on-site performance, the NSF has funded several solar-heated buildings in addition to Santa Clara's. As the technology improves there'll be many more government-funded demonstrations. Under the 1974 Solar Heating and Cooling Act, HUD will install solar hardware on as many as 500 houses scattered throughout the country. The aim is to educate architects, builders, construction workers and plumbers as well as the general public. An important part of the education is the concept of life-cycle costing — including future fuel bills in calculating the cost of different heating and cooling systems.

The biggest need is for legislation creating incentives for production and use of solar equipment, and that too is starting to happen. Florida last year passed a law requiring all new single-family residences to be designed to incorporate future installation of solar water heating equipment. Indiana now exempts solar equipment from property taxation, and Arizona allows accelerated depreciation of solar hardware. The California Coastal Conservation Commission has recommended that all new construction in the coastal zone contain solar-assisted heating and cooling systems as soon as the necessary equipment is on the market, and Santa Clara officials are talking about a city ordinance that would do the same thing. Incentives at the federal level — a tax break equal in magnitude to the oil depletion allowance, or low-interest loans patterned after the rural electrification program of the 1930s — would dramatically accelerate the solarization of America. In Japan many local governments provide 5.5 percent loans for installation of solar equipment, and some throw in grants of up to 30 percent of initial costs.

The idea of subsidies for solar energy is being pushed by citizens' groups in several parts of the country. One such group, the Alternative Energy Resources Organization (AERO), is made up of Montana farmers and ranchers. AERO is calling for a federal tax-free production allowance for solar and wind energy similar to the oil depletion allowance, and is pressing the Montana legislature to use revenues from coal extraction to support development of nonpolluting renewable energy sources. AERO's vision was summed up by Egan O'Connor, a solar energy expert, at the Montana alternative energy conference last May: "Imagine Montana telling other states to develop solar energy too instead of ripping up Montana for coal. Imagine Montana 10 years from now without strip-mining, without dead rivers and water starvation, without radioactive pollution and the threat of atomic terrorism. Imagine a Montana which would still sparkle, thanks to solar energy."

As Americans look to sunshine to fill more of their energy needs, a critical question will be: who will control the sun? The answer depends on such things as control of desert land, patents and the kinds of solar technology that predominate. Fortunately there is an opportunity to develop solar energy the way Santa Clara is proceeding — by the public, on a nonprofit basis. Most of the desert lands in the Southwest are owned by the federal government or Indian tribes. Because most solar research is government funded, the government can license nonexclusively most of the advances in technology. This could lead to a highly competitive solar hardware industry, similar to the semiconductor and building supply industries. If the most common ways of capturing sunshine are decentralized — *i.e.*, rooftop panels and photovoltaic cells — then a significant portion of America's energy could be owned by and could go directly to its users, without passing through corporate hands.

On the other hand, there are ways the energy corporations and utilities can get hold of the sun. At least three oil companies—Mobil, Exxon and Shell—are conducting research in photovoltaic cells, presumably with an eye toward controlling the eventual market through patents. The electric utilities are starting to think about how they might lease desert land and generate electricity through centralized solar thermal plants. (If the Southwest desert is used for solar electric generation, it ought to be done by a "solar TVA.") Another approach being considered by utilities is the "renting" of solar heating and cooling equipment, much the way the telephone company "rents" telephones. Thus a utility would retain ownership of the system and charge a monthly rate that would cover amortization and maintenance plus a profit.

Utilities might also profit from the sun through alteration of existing rate structures. Because there's no known remedy for bad weather, decentralized solar energy systems must plug into centralized electric or gas systems for back-up. Utilities argue that if solar energy becomes widespread, they'll still have to maintain big load capacities for periods of inclement weather, but won't be able to defray all their capital costs through sale of energy in fair weather. Therefore, they say, they'd be entitled to a "commitment charge," based on how much back-up energy a consumer "reserves," in addition to an actual usage rate.

The way solar energy is controlled will probably be determined within the next decade. The stakes are high, since energy from sunshine will be a multi-billion dollar a year business by the end of the century. Donald Von Raesfeld, Santa Clara's city manager, believes "the sun is one resource the public ought to get hold of as soon as possible." At a conference of the National League of Cities last month, he urged cities to take the lead by getting into the solar utility business themselves. So far, however, very few cities, states or federal agencies have given much thought to how to keep the sun a public resource.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Broken Treaty at Battle Mountain

(Soho Cinema)

Introduction to the Enemy

(Introduction Peace Co.)

The Front Page

(Universal)

One trouble with good causes in our time is that pop culture and the media tend to trivialize them. The grim conditions of the American Indian get converted into buttons reading Indian Power and fake Indian headbands worn to Village loft parties, into Marlon Brando's probably well meaning but nonetheless infantile TV shenanigans. But a young American filmmaker named Joel L. Freedman has done something quite different. He has spent two years on a one-hour color documentary called *Broken Treaty at Battle Mountain* that is simple, straightforward, lastingly disturbing.

In 1863 the Western Shoshone Indians of northern Nevada signed a treaty—that now-infamous word—with the US government relative to their lands, some 24 million acres. I need hardly spell out what happened as a result of this treaty: the government's short-changing and bamboozle of Indians is now a terribly familiar story throughout this country. The oppressed and oppressing conditions that apply to some 800,000 other Indians apply in equal measure to these Shoshone. The Nevada government is now "chaining" their land—that is, dragging an immense ship's-anchor chain between two giant tractors to pull down trees and clear underbrush—thus destroying the pinyon trees that are their chief source of food, the trees to which they *pray* before they gather the pine-nuts. The Nevada government prosecutes them for not obeying hunting laws on what they consider to be their land. (Of course they hunt only for food, not like the white hunters who leave piles of deer carcasses behind after their sport.) The US government now wants to pay the Shoshone $1.05 an acre for their individual holdings, maintaining that the 1863 treaty actually conveyed title and that this money is just big-hearted compensation. At the press screening of the film, the lawyer for the Indians—a young white woman, by the way—contended that the US agent in the film who said that title had been conveyed in 1863 was lying. But there is division among the Shoshone themselves: only the "traditionals" are refusing the government offer, not only because they feel that it amounts to theft but because they feel quite genuinely that their land is their being, that without it they will be homeless and doomed.

Of course in one sense they are doomed anyway. Freedman apparently didn't mean to show this but he did. (In an odd way that's one of his film's virtues.) Culturally the Indians are finished, much more dependent on and influenced by white culture than they want to be. The Eskimo may be able to survive as Eskimo but not the Shoshone as Shoshone. It's that sense of desolation of the Indian self that makes James Welch's novel *Winter in the Blood* so moving (*TNR*, Dec. 14, 1974). But, to put it moderately, cultural change is no justification for the treatment that Indians have had and continue to have.

Freedman's film is better than any documentary I've seen on the subject, including TV specials. He has (let's call it) objective sympathy: he tries to show different sides of the questions, but he got involved initially because of his concern with the Shoshone. It seems to me just the right tone for the film. The narration is spoken reticently by Robert Redford. The color is good; the editing is ironic without being stupidly so.

Historically the treatment of the Indian in American film and drama is a fascinating subject, so far inadequately discussed. It's a curious fact that, during the first half of the 19th century, there were many American plays about Indians in our theaters, usually tragedies or melodramas, in which the Indian was Rousseau's Noble Savage bathed in the then-current glow of Romanticism, while *at the same time* a thousand miles or so to the west the whites and the Indians were killing one another. As the century went on the redskin-biting-the-dust took over in our theaters, but for 50 years or more, white America was paying pietistic theatrical dues to an unreal ideal while their armies and settlers conquered the West. I know of no other contradiction like it in history. Imagine an ancient Roman theater full of dramas about noble Gauls.

In American films the American Indian appeared almost from the start and was stereotyped, as villain or stoic, from the start. A book on the subject, *The Only Good Indian* by Ralph and Natasha Friar (Drama Book Specialists, 1972; $12.50), is useful for reference. Lately we have had a flood of compensatory breast-beating pictures of varying merit, *Soldier Blue, Little Big Man*, etc. Freedman's documentary doesn't beat its breast or appeal blatantly. It presents, well.

It has theater dates in New York and San Francisco so far. (Schools and individuals can rent a 16 mm print from Soho Cinema, Ltd., 225 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012, (212) 982-2660.) In San Francisco it has been double-billed with another good one-hour documentary—*Introduction to the Enemy*, a record of a visit to North Vietnam in the spring of 1974 by Jane Fonda, her husband Tom Hayden, and the first-rank cinematographer Haskell Wexler. Allow for the interests of the makers, for the likelihood that they were steered to certain places and people, be as cautious as you can be, and you are still left with two confirmations. The North Vietnamese are people of extraordinary strength and breadth of spirit. The United States, though it has withdrawn combat troops, is still actively supporting a war to maintain a government in South Vietnam that is corrupt, cruel, unwanted.

(continued on page 34)

Films Worth Seeing

Amarcord. Fellini's fine memoirs of his boyhood home—as he remembers it, not as it was.

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New Men in Money

The Bankers
by Martin Mayer

(Weybright & Talley; $15)

Like Martin Mayer's earlier books, *The Lawyers,* for instance, or *Wall Street: Men and Money,* this one is thoroughly researched, well written and fast-paced. It contains just enough of his prejudices to make the author come through as a personality; and yet the prejudices are not allowed to get in the way of the subject. And some chapters, the ones on check-clearing or on bank operations for instances, are virtuoso pieces, which make difficult technical matters good and (almost) easy reading.

I particularly recommend the chapter "Investing Other People's Money for their Own Good," about the trust business of the banks. In fewer than 20 pages Mayer not only explains what banks do in their fiduciary business, especially in managing pension funds, but also why this activity should be divorced from commercial banking and made into a separate and independent business. The fear of a "conflict of interest" between commercial lending and investment management, is, in all likelihood, pure bogeyman—though fiduciaries for other peoples' money as bankers in *all* their activities have a duty to avoid even unjustified suspicion.

But with the popularity of private pension plans—starting only 25 years ago—and especially with the Pension Reform Act of 1974, pension funds have become the main channel for capital formation and capital investment in the American economy. Without conscious intentions we have decided to socialize our large businesses through pension funds without nationalizing them. The implications of this go way beyond banking—and most of the issues are still ahead. With this decision the almost accidental involvement of the American commercial bank in fiduciary business ("an unwanted pregnancy that wasn't aborted in time," a banking friend of mine calls it with considerable justification) has become untenable, and indeed dangerous for the commercial banks. As a business it has never paid the banks; practically all of them lose money on their trust departments. And as a provider of lendable funds it is becoming more and more managerial, with increasingly high costs for the funds it does produce. The divorce of trust business from commercial banking will be an increasingly important issue in American finance; to understand it read *The Bankers.*

Yet for all its qualities this is a curiously disappointing book. Precisely because so much of it is so good the shortcomings and defects stand out. First, it is so unbalanced as to be almost erratic. Names abound, to be sure. There is apparently no one Mr. Mayer has not interviewed including quite a few men whose passion for anonymity is a byword in the banking community. And there are few he doesn't quote. But there is not one *person* in this book—only names.

Yet, as Mayer himself observes, if only in passing, the greatest "revolution" in American banking in the last generation has been in people. As late as the Eisenhower years, American banks were run by elderly gentlemen whose careers had begun around World War I. Now banks have the youngest of all our managerial and professional groups (excepting only school teachers).

The banker of 1955 represented "Middle America" in his values, his horizon and experiences, and usually in his origins. Now the bankers are our most cosmopolitan management group. As Mayer points out, an extended tour abroad is becoming a requirement for a senior job in one of the big banks. Twenty-five years ago banking was—or at least looked like—an exceedingly simple business. I know of no banker of that period who had the foggiest notion what his costs were and few, to the best of my recollection, were greatly bothered by their ignorance. They operated by the "rules of thumb" which, when cost analysis was first started—in the major New York banks around 1960 or so — proved to be pure myth.

Today banks are among the most complex of our economic institutions. Twenty-five years ago many banks could still have gotten by with quill pens and brass-bound ledgers. Today they are the only businesses that have not only mastered computer and modern information technology but have also become totally dependent on both. Indeed the demands on management made by modern banking have changed so drastically that the most serious problem of the American banking system may well be that far too few banks have developed the management capability they need. The multinational bank, in particular, presents fiendish management problems of coordination, of balancing central control with local autonomy, of personnel policy, of compensation.

Bankers may still be, as Keynes maintained, "the most romantic and the least realistic of men." They deal, after all, in pure metaphysic: money in the abstract. But both the romanticism and the realism of today's banker are totally different—and so are his concerns, his career patterns, his tools, his management structure and his values. One looks in vain, however, in Mayer's book for the people in banking, their careers, their work, their personalities. Even the well-known clashes and feuds between some of the "big names" in the fraternity go unmentioned. Altogether this is a book on the craft of banking and particularly on the most technical aspects of the craft.

Indeed the *business aspects* are treated rather cavalierly. Mayer devotes a great deal of space to mechanics: check-clearing, bank operations and the procedures in bank audits. But there is hardly any discussion of the two central business activities of a bank: lending and obtaining deposits. How does a bank find potential borrowers? How does it decide which loan to grant and which one to turn down? How does a bank obtain deposits and how does it decide how much it can afford to pay for them? The reader is told that these are the important questions, but that is all.

Mayer, rightly, stresses the extent to which the American banking system has shifted from deposits as the only source of lendable funds to other resources (what bankers call "bought money"). He does not even mention however, that one major reason for this has been the steadily increasing costs of obtaining and administering deposits—paradoxically (as Mayer apparently understands) in large part a result of the governmental ban on the payment of interest on demand deposits, which like any other artificial price ceiling on a scarce commodity, only makes for higher though hidden costs, e.g. all kinds of "premiums" and "free services."

Mayer tells the reader that our banking system contains, besides the

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commercial banks, a host of other institutions—savings and loan associations, credit unions, personal finance companies, factors and so on. But he tells the reader very little about these "near banks." He stresses the extent to which American banking, almost entirely domestic 25 years ago, has become international, both in its activities and in its source of funds, with "Eurodollars" for instance, or "London Interbank Funds" almost as important today as domestic deposits. Banking altogether, rather than manufacturing or even petroleum, has become the truly "transnational" economic activity, and the only one in which both Communist systems, the Russian and the Chinese, participate. It was the Soviet Union's foreign banks, for instance, the Moscow Narodny Bank in London that, as Mayer points out, invented the "Eurodollar"; and the country in which banking has the most important economic role is not the US but Soviet Russia. But how other countries organize their banks is outside Mayer's purview—and as a result only a reader who already knows a good deal about banking can understand the significance of Mayer's most important insight: while European banking has been somewhat "Americanized" by the invasion of American banks and American banking methods, the American commercial bank has become increasingly "Europeanized."

More important, perhaps, is the weakness of *The Bankers*: The author could not make up his mind what the main topic of the book should be.

It begins with a ringing declaration right out of the *Communist Manifesto:* "A spectre is haunting American business and government in the 1970s: the spectre of banking." The introductory chapter is headed "The Revolution" and the concluding one—after 17 long chapters concerned with the operations and mechanics of banking—talks of "Living on the Edge of the Abyss." But what it is that Mayer is worried about is far from clear. The "revolution," according to him, is the shift, in the last 20 years, from "asset management" to "liability management" in American commercial banking, that is from primary concern with getting deposits to primary concern with making loans.

Now, this is not informative. Obviously banks always have to be concerned with both obtaining funds and lending them out, with both "asset management" and "liability management." Nor is "liability management" particularly new or particularly "revolutionary";

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European banks have always emphasized "liability management"; they act on the assumption that their job is to find loans—and then the funds to make the loans could always be obtained at a price. And the Japanese banks have been "liability managers" from the beginning.

This is, of course, what Mayer means when he talks of the "Europeanization" of American banking. But there is little evidence, if any, that European banks have been stable or less liquid than American banks. "Liability management" is not even something new in American banking. The Bank of America—the nation's largest—has emphasized "liability management" rather than "asset management" at least since the San Francisco earthquake, in 1906.

What does raise questions are the reasons American banks have been shifting to greater emphasis on "liability management." Some Mayer sees clearly. Most important perhaps is the insurance of bank deposits, insured now up to $40,000 per account, by the Federal Government. That protects most individual depositors against bank failure. Equally important, though not embodied in any law, is the realization that we will not repeat the almost criminal blunder of 1933 and let the banks shut down in the event of a run on the banking system. We now know that in such a contingency the Federal Reserve System will act on the elementary knowledge that bank deposits are just another form of money and will print banknotes to hand out to the depositors—who, within a few days or weeks are going to re-deposit the money in the banks, of course.

Another factor is the emergence of sources of lendable funds other than deposits—Federal Reserve funds, Interbank loans, Eurodollars, certificates of deposits, bankers' acceptances and so on. Up till very recently—maybe 1973—these new sources were cheaper than deposits, which have become increasingly expensive. And they did not appear to be any less stable or reliable. They thus enabled the banks to expand their lending activities without increasing the cost of loans or the bank's liquidity risk. This may be the true "revolution" in banking. But whether it has been making banking safer and more productive for the economy or has created dangerous liquidity risks, we do not know as yet. The only evidence we have so far, that is the major bank failures of the past few years, had nothing to do with "liability management." The US National Bank of San Diego failed for the most old-fashioned of reasons: illegal loans to the businesses of the bank's major stockholder that somehow slipped by the US Bank Examiners.

Finally, the American commercial banks have been pushed since 1960 into aggressive lending by the federal government and the Federal Reserve Board so as to replace increasingly scarce equity capital. For it is not true that equity money only became scarce when the stock market collapsed around 1970; except for "growth stocks" it had become scarce ten years earlier.

This then created the "European" situation for most businesses, that is, inability to raise equity capital. And we responded with the "European" (or "Japanese") answer: to supply medium and long-term capital, to use commercial credit provided through the banks' ability to "transform liquidity" and to lend out short-term money as long-term loans. I happen to be less than enthusiastic about this policy. But it is a direct consequence of our national commitment to the pension fund that switches long-term capital accumulation from "entrepreneurs" to "trustees," in other words, from people who tend to invest in the future to people duty-bound to invest in the past. If we realize—as neither Mayer nor most American bankers do as yet—that this implies a basically illiquid banking system that must depend on the central bank, i.e. the Federal Reserve System to preserve liquidity in a crisis, it is a manageable system as Germany, France and Japan have proven.

Mayer's greatest concern is properly with the international monetary system. That the Eurodollar is unregulated may be a minor defect. But that we today expect a commercial banking system to handle the problem created by the "petrodollars" in the hands of the Arabs, is a dangerous illusion. The simple fact is that there is no way at all for the Arabs to get paid. The oil-producing countries with large populations—Venezuela, Indonesia, Nigeria and Iran—can buy goods with their petroleum income. This will have serious economic consequences; it will siphon off the purchasing power of the poorest and most petroleum-dependent countries. But as a *payments mechanism* it could work. All that Arab countries without a population base can do, however, is to put *money* into the rich countries. And this cannot work. No country will let them buy up its industries; we may take their money but we will then promptly "sterilize" it (which is a euphemism for effective expropriation). Or, if they insist, as they apparently do, on holding the money in short-term bank deposits, they will only fool themselves—there is no short-term investment for that much money. It will become frozen one way or another.

This is indeed a gigantic problem. But it is not a problem created by anything the American banks have done or have failed to do. Nor is it a problem they can be expected to solve.

Do I recommend Mr. Mayer's book? The answer is a qualified "yes." I hope every young banker—and most older, experienced bankers as well—will read it. They will find in it more about the history of American banking, about bank operations and about bank problems than they are likely to find in any textbook or even in the intensive training courses run in most of the major banks. And they'll find it in *The Bankers* in far more readable form.

Peter F. Drucker

Peter F. Drucker is Clarke Professor of social science at Claremont Graduate School, Claremont, Calif., a consultant and a writer. His latest book is *Management: Tasks, Responsibilities, Practices* (Harper & Row).

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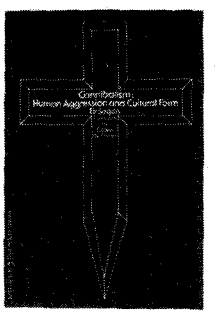

CANNIBALISM: HUMAN AGGRESSION AND CULTURAL FORM

Eli Sagan

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The Free Man's Struggle

Slaves Without Masters by Ira Berlin

(Pantheon; $15)

The scholarly interest in Afro-American History, stimulated in part by the social currents of the 1960s, continues to bear fruit. The last few years have, in particular, produced more than a half dozen important books that have fundamentally altered our view of southern slave society. Other studies by seasoned scholars are in press or being written, and, if recent doctoral dissertations may serve as a guide, a coming generation of excellent young historians will maintain the pace and the quality.

Ira Berlin's *Slaves Without Masters* rates with the best, for it combines careful scholarship, acute analysis, and an admirable historical imagination. It deserves a wide readership if only for its critical insight into the nature and development of racial oppression and of the black struggle for survival. Being well written, it can be read with ease and pleasure by the general public while providing specialists with all the footnotes they could ask for. Even Berlin's excellent statistical work illuminates rather than obscures, not only because it is nicely arranged in tables instead of cluttering the text, but because the tables themselves are uncluttered and easily interpreted by the casual reader.

In 1860, only 6.2 percent of the Negroes in the South were free. But if we separate the Upper South, in which the percentage was 12.8 and had risen markedly since 1820, from the Lower South, in which the percentage was 1.5 and had fallen by more than half since 1820, it becomes clear that two distinct free-Negro worlds existed in the slave states. For sharper contrast, in 1860, 49.1 percent of Maryland's Negroes and 10.6 percent of Virginia's were free, as compared with 2.4 percent of South Carolina's and 0.2 percent of Mississippi's.

Southern slavery, unlike Brazilian or even Caribbean, rested on the two-caste principal of white over black, which had little room for free Negroes. This rigidity marked the United States as the most fiercely racist of all New World societies; from the vantage point of extreme pro-slavery apologetics, free Negroes ought not to have existed in the South. But they did. Many became substantial men of property, and to add to the anomaly, a few rose to become large slaveholding planters. The great majority of free Negroes struggled for survival on the economic margins of society and rightly command most of Berlin's attention. But, as Berlin demonstrates, the presence of free colored men of property, even more than of the poor, exposed the absurdity of racist pretensions and forced the issue into public consciousness.

Although Berlin concentrates on the 19th Century, for which the sources are fullest, he begins with a strong and subtle account of the Colonial and Revolutionary Eras. Hence, he is able to trace the free Negro Communities through distinct stages of development and to explain convincingly the historical divergence of the Upper South experience from that of the Lower. His sensitivity to geographical conditions enables him to demonstrate, with particular skill, the material foundations and ideological nuances of the class divisions within the free Negro caste. His more important and fascinating contributions include an account of the relationship of free Negroes with white workers both native and immigrant—a relationship marked by tragic animosity and conflict and yet occasionally also by poignant mutual sympathy and association. His discussion is marred only by a curious contradiction in his attempt to relate the conflict between white and black workers to the specifics of their respective wage levels—a subject that required much more research.

At the heart of the book lies the story of the free Negro's struggle for autonomy and freedom. For, as Berlin's title suggests, they were hardly "free" by the standards of white American society. At law their rights were reduced to a level close to that of the slaves; in the economy they were often pushed to the margin of subsistence; in social life they remained exposed to discrimination, insult, physical assault, and even enslavement. In the face of such brutal aggression, they defeated schemes to colonize them in Africa and elsewhere; built churches and schools; made themselves indispensable to the economy of the whites who, racism notwithstanding, could not afford to lose them; scraped and sacrificed to save money to buy relatives out of slavery; and doggedly fought to hold onto their jobs, meager rights, and dignity. Berlin sensitively analyzes the complex subject of their relations with the slaves, which he outlines according to the class divisions among the free Negroes themselves. He does not, in my judgment, consistently balance the tendency toward identification with whites against the tendency toward racial solidarity with black slaves; hence, his remarks on post-bellum developments remained suggestive hypothesis rather than firmly established conclusions. In telling the story of the free Negroes' courageous struggle for widest measure of freedom within an oppressive system, Berlin sheds light on some of the most painful of present-day problems. He shows how the White South's experience with the free Negro—rural peonage, separate and unequal treatment at law, discrimination in education and employment, and much more—provided the model for the post-bellum counter attack against the aspirations and advances of the newly emancipated blacks. His careful discussion of ante-bellum segregation lends force to C. Vann Woodward's celebrated thesis of post-bellum deterioration in race relations, while defending Woodward against the preposterous but oft-repeated charge of having had the New South invent segregation. And most important, Berlin demonstrates how the free Negroes responded to the challenges of Reconstruction and Restoration according to their previous class position as influenced by geographical setting and color caste. His controversial analysis of the patterns of solidarity and division among post-bellum blacks invites criticism and further research, which may compel some modification, but it carries us much further toward an understanding of persistent problems.

With *Slaves Without Masters*, Ira Berlin establishes his credentials as a first-rate historian of the South, Afro-America, and American Social History generally. He has already won an award for distinguished teaching and is clearly on his way to a distinguished scholarly career.

Eugene D. Genovese

Eugene D. Genovese is the author, most recently, of *Roll, Jordan, Roll* (Pantheon).

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Sanity and Limitation

The Heel of Achilles by Arthur Koestler

(Random House; $8.95)

Mr. Koestler is a learned and witty man who seems to enjoy writing about almost everything. In one book after another—novels, autobiographical volumes, and an endless succession of essay collections—he has labored to introduce what he takes to be a sane perspective upon the vital issues of the day. Readers who have made an effort to keep up with him in the course of thirty years or more will know that his enduring interests have been politics and the biological sciences, and that he has tended to elaborate those interests as part of a broader concern with the issue of orthodoxy.

Mr. Koestler's new collection of essays does not represent a radical departure from his previous work. Neither does it deepen insights earlier developed or provide information previously unavailable. It is in every way an occasional and miscellaneous collection, most of the items brief papers read at a variety of public meetings or very short book reviews originally published in one or another of the British weeklies. While the pieces read well, taken one at a time, I cannot say that together they constitute a formidable contribution to the thought of our time.

What, then, is Mr. Koestler's new book good for? First, it provides a modest illustration of the critical intellect going about its usual business, looking eagerly into this and that with an eye towards discriminating good from bad, genuine from specious, useful from trivial. If in the course of making its rounds this intellect seems intermittently to rub its hands with delight in the face of the nastiness or banality or sheer stupidity it is assiduous to expose, it is at its best a generous delight, willing to share with the rest of us its little triumphs. When, looking at a recent book by biologist Desmond Morris, Koestler finds himself irritated by the imposing flavor of what he calls "salacious pedantry," he moves to sum up his impressions as follows: "The Germans have a word for it: *Die Wissenschaft des nicht Wissenswerten*—the science of what is not worth knowing." Mr. Koestler, of course, thinks he *does* know what is worth knowing, and like most critics of real ability, he has reasons, most of them entertaining.

The book is also helpful as a guide to the attitudes of intelligent lay people who make it their business to keep abreast of developments in the sciences. Koestler speaks for a sizeable constituency, a growing body of literary intellectuals and liberal academic researchers who feel that we cannot afford to isolate the scientists, that the scientists must address a whole range of people when they undertake to justify their researches. If we cannot manage this much at least, the scientists may blithely proceed to make this planet uninhabitable. This is not to say that, in Koestler's view, scientists generally tend to do or to conceive terrible things that others would never dream of visiting upon us. Indeed, he recognizes only too well that without the scientists we shall be unable to organize and control life on the planet with the precision necessary to ensure our survival. If Koestler believes in anything at all, and there are moments when one has doubts about it, it is in reasoned discourse, and this by definition is not what specialists are likely to suffer easily. For Koestler, reasoned discourse will always have a sense of its own inalienable limitations, and will insist upon the right to examine available data and projections with an eye to their potential absurdity or superfluousness.

In "The Future, If Any," Koestler quotes a prominent biochemist who foresees the imminent implantation of "human cell nuclei into animals, perhaps apes" with a view towards the profitable production of hybrid-creatures: "Attachment of simian arms and a dog's head to a kangaroo, for instance, might create a creature capable of covering huge distances fast and doing a skilled job when it gets there." So much for the future. "But man does not live by profit alone," Koestler quips, and goes on to reflect that "some genetic engineers may have an artistic temperament; thus there is hope that fifty years from now there will be centaurs capering through Kensington Gardens, and mermaids offering cups of tea to sailors on the Serpentine," and so on. As we know, argues Koestler, that the faculty of imagination is indispensable to the freshness of reasoned discourse, so we know too that there are limits beyond which imagination will not range, areas in which "the shudders give way to the giggles."

Koestler is genuinely and deeply fearful that we have compromised our chances for survival, largely through our collective dependence upon professional orthodoxies of a legal, medical or moral nature. In particular he is scornful of what he calls "benighted attitudes" on such questions as euthanasia or abortion, and feels that there are far too many people around for anyone to be optimistic about improving the quality of life for most of us. In fact, he contends that we are as little concerned as we are about the impoverishment of public and intimate discourse, about "The Rule Of Mediocracy," suggests unmistakably we have allowed the new orthodoxies of a progressive and permissive ethos to distract us from the circumstances at hand. Things could be worse, of course—we could have a Hitler or a Stalin threatening us with imminent destruction. But we have not the nerve or the collective insight to deal with large-scale disasters that loom just out of sight, and which may prove more terrible than anything we have known. In this sense, it is clear that the largely uninhibited laying waste of our natural resources has had a great deal to do with the de-inhibition of vast populations that has taken place under the humanistic auspices of liberalizing institutions like the colleges and the mass media. Looking ahead to the 1980's in England—it might almost as well be this country—Koestler doesn't so much foresee a "Decade of the Demagogues" as "a Decade of the Dentists, so called to commemorate the first member of that profession to become Prime Minister—a profession notoriously expert in depriving people of their bite."

The argument, then, as Koestler has it, is that a culture for which every sort

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of specious liberation has been proposed and enthusiastically promoted has grown progressively blinded to the real limitations of ability and circumstance that stand in the way of its expectations. With the flattening of distinctions, whether in the area of sex roles, or intellectual potential, or the simple capacity to make hard political choices, most of us no longer feel that rigorous selection from among available options is as essential to our well-being as charitable impulses and occasional displays of fervid earnestness. Thus we have, in Koestler's words, contemporary man: "a genius in mastering nature, a moron in conducting human affairs."

Now it is not at all clear that Koestler has anything reliable to propose as an alternative to this state of affairs. We know that he dislikes liberal mediocrats, that he mistrusts prophets and charismatics, even if their names happen to be Malraux, or Gandhi, and that he is skeptical towards the extravagant claims of scientists who think to redeem the present and salvage the future by creating a technology of everything under the sun. At the same time, Koestler laments our general unwillingness to think up anything better. His solution is, quite plainly, better and clearer thinking, a strengthening of the will not to be taken in by orthodoxies or by mystical incantations. How is one to argue with so moderate a formula?

In a review of a recent book by Malraux, Koestler draws our attention to a sentence on the book's first page: "'To reflect upon life—life in relation to death—is perhaps no more than to intensify one's questioning.'" Koestler's observation? "Surely this must mean something, but what?" To which we say, all right, even Malraux writes an occasional bad sentence, and is guilty of those "pseudo-profundities and inflated emotions" you detest, and ought to point out whenever you have the chance. And yes, we too shall try to be sensitive to such things when we read, and speak. But why assume that enhancement of that kind of sensitivity will in the long run have momentous effect? What evidence is there to suggest that improvements in thinking will make for a better life? To be skeptical about such notions is not of course to propose that we can't do better, only that many of the problems we address may not have much to do with careful analysis and plausible hypothesizings. Mr. Koestler is a vigilant observer, and it is good to have him around. My suggestion to him, though,

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is that he may do a disservice to his own views by presenting them in the covers of a book as mild and unelaborated speculations, hopping around as he does from one issue to another with nothing in the way of sustained argument. If we are to be entirely serious about his views, he must be serious enough to work through them with the care and thoroughness the issues require.

Robert Boyers

Robert Boyers is editor of the quarterly *Salmagundi* and professor of English at Skidmore College.

Full of Wit And Wisdom

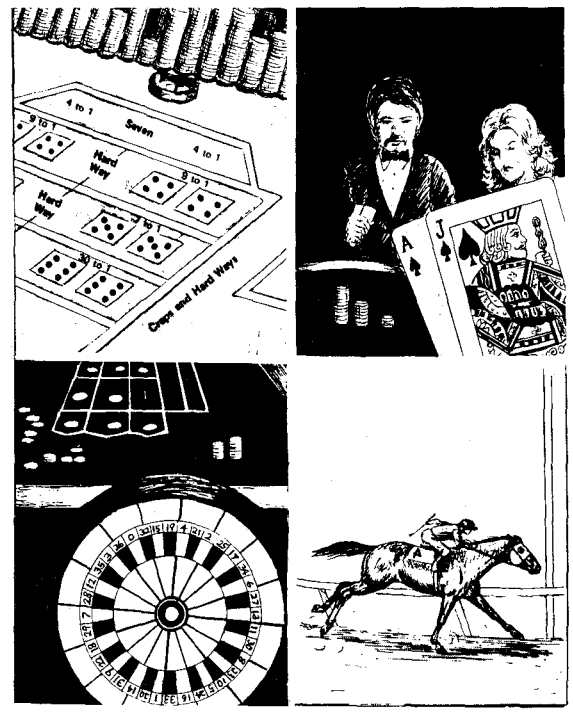
A Home-Made World by Hugh Kenner

(Knopf; $7.95)

This is a delightful book. Mr. Kenner is as full of illuminating information about his chosen poets as any ten critics you could name, and he has an energy of enthusiasm for what he loves that is very appealing—and that, occasionally, leads him into denigrating what he does not like as if that were a way of praising what he does, instead of a way of alienating the reader. On top of everything else he has a headlong, tumbling sort of wit: "Dickens is behind this characterization by naming [in Fitzgerald's list of guests at Gatsby's parties], and so is J. Alfred Prufrock, whose surname came from a St. Louis furniture house. ('You bring the girl,' said the sign on a window full of bridal suites. 'Prufrock does the rest.' T. S. Eliot and the mother of William R. Burroughs, the eminent junkie, used to walk past that sign en route home from dancing class. Whoever can believe that—and it is true—understands how to go about according Fitzgerald the order of belief he is soliciting.)"

The argument of *A Home-Made World* is put together in somewhat the same way as that quotation is, in an adaptation to critical purposes of Ezra Pound's device of "rhyming" subjects. When this method works, it is extremely effective, as when Mr. Kenner's grasp of William Carlos Williams' use of words shows him the extent to which Faulkner is playing games with the allusions in *The Sound and the Fury* or the extent to which Hemingway's "bullfights and lion hunts [are] aesthetic gestures . . . his descriptions of clear water running over stones . . . moral achievements." Mr. Kenner's argument is familiar from *The Pound Era;* it is a Poundian view of Pound's time. *A Home-Made World* begins with a general chapter that summarizes a part of the argument of *The Pound Era,* even to the extent of repeating an amusingly abusive account of Amy Lowell's battle with Pound that has little relevance in *A Home-Made World.*

The point of *A Home-Made World* is that the only modernism that really counts is the one described by William Carlos Williams when he said words need to be "separated out by science, treated with acid to remove the smudges, washed, dried and placed right side up on a clean surface." A poem is, in Williams' phrase, a machine made out of words. Mr. Kenner holds that Marianne Moore made the break-through to this kind of poem, though Williams later carried it further. Miss Moore "resembles Columbus, whose mind was on something other than opening new worlds, and died supposing he had shown how to sail to China. For the language flattened, the language *exhibited,* the language staunchly condensing information while frisking in enjoyment of its release from the obligation to do no more than inform: these are the elements of a twentieth-century American poetic, a pivotal discovery of our age." "By the 1970's," Mr. Kenner concludes, "thanks to a process that can be traced step by step for two generations from Pound and Williams, the American poem is a new species of composition: the first new literary genre to have matured in the



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New World. . . . *The poem is the Gestalt of what it can assimilate.*"

Mr. Kenner's book traces the creation of this genre from Pound and Williams to the present. It starts the process with a chapter on Horatio Alger and *The Great Gatsby* that is very amusing if occasionally eccentric (Gatsby pouring out his multicolored shirts before Daisy is, we are told, an American version of the Renaissance magnifico); what Gatsby's story has to do with Mr. Kenner's argument is not clear. Wallace Stevens, who comes next, made the mistake of thinking it was the paraphrasable content of his poems that mattered, when in fact it is—and indeed, perhaps it is—rather what makes those poems relevant to Mr. Kenner's argument, that is, Stevens' lifelong delight in "what teased Lewis Carroll, the world-view a dictionary seems always nearly to enunciate" ("The moonlight/Fubbed the girondoles").

But it is with William Carlos Williams that we arrive at a clear manifestation of the process that will lead to the "new species of composition." Williams understood that there must be "no ideas but in things," that is (in Mr. Kenner's paraphrase), "that the energy moving from word to word [in a poem] would be like that of the eye moving from thing to thing, and not like that of the predicating faculty with its opinions." Mr. Kenner's discussion of Williams' poetry is dazzling, only less impressive than his discussion of Marianne Moore's, which follows. There is then a chapter on Hemingway which, though it makes some splendid observations about Hemingway, is satisfactory neither as an account of Hemingway nor as an extension of Mr. Kenner's argument.

We get back on the track with the next chapter, on the Objectivists—George Oppen, Carl Rakosi, Charles Reznikoff and Louis Zukovsky—who, if not so well known as Mr. Kenner thinks they should be, certainly illustrate his argument (perhaps for good reason: their Objectivist Press had an advisory Board consisting of Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams and Louis Zukovsky). Mr. Kenner brings his history of this poetic form to a conclusion with the Projective Verse of Charles Olson and Robert Creeley. There is a final chapter on Faulkner as the last novelist. That he is seems to Mr. Kenner made very likely by novels like Nabokov's *Pale Fire*, Pynchon's *V*, Barth's *Giles Goat-Boy*, which appear to proclaim "that all the world's a comic book." I am not sure what this has to do with the development of Mr. Kenner's new literary genre.

It is easy to imagine the objections that will be made to this book: it omits a lot of important modern poets like Frost; it gives us heavily weighted views of some of those it does include, like Stevens; it seems unduly preoccupied with people like George Oppen. I doubt, too, that Mr. Kenner will smooth many ruffled feathers by asserting that "what the book leaves out should underline the pertinence of what it includes." The simple truth is that these objections are irrelevant. Mr. Kenner is not writing a history of modern poetry; he is tracing the development of a kind of poem he thinks important and neglected. Now and then he drops this subject to "sketch an answer" to some theoretical question he has asked himself; he seems to be stimulated to these expatiations by occasional Poundian "rhyming" of subjects that do not really rhyme. At these times he needs to be watched, as, indeed, does Pound at such times. But this is a very small price to pay for a book so full of wit, and of wisdom about its poets, and of critical history which, if it does not explain the whole of twentieth-century American poetry, certainly tells us a great deal about it that is well worth learning.

Arthur Mizener

Arthur Mizener is author most recently of *Scott Fitzgerald & His World* (Putnam).

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War Between The Machines

The Ultra Secret by F. W. Winterbotham

(Harper & Row; $8.95)

I never thought a book would make me sympathize with Hitler. *The Ultra Secret*, which tells how the Allies were able to read Hitler's most secure messages often before they reached his own generals in the field, is just such an anomaly. Recounting the story of how the British broke the top secret code of the German armed forces and used the intelligence to outwit Hitler throughout World War II, F. W. Winterbotham, overtly a Wing Commander in the RAF, covertly an agent of the British Secret Service, shows that many of Hitler's military decisions, far from being ingenuous, were remarkably ingenius: time after time the Nazi tyrant came within a nonce of defeating the Allies, and perhaps of conquering the world—had it not been for Ultra which betrayed his every move. In Germany the book could revive the mythus of an infallible Hitler, a genius cheated of his rightful victories by perfidious Albion who underhandedly managed to spy on him and frustrate his best laid plans. The true perfidy, of course, was the British policy of closing an eye to German rearmament in the 1930s, hoping that the Nazis might be used as a bulwark against the peril of communism.

How well the British were informed of the buildup of the Nazi war machine is made pellucid by Winterbotham himself. As an agent of British Intelligence in the years before the war, he was shown the most secret power of the German armed forces thanks to his personal contacts with Hitler and his top cronies such as Alfred Rosenberg, Rudolf Hess and Erich Koch. From Hitler's favorite general, Walther von Reichenau, Winterbotham learned the plans for the German blitzkrieg against Russia; from General Albert Kesselring he learned the composition of the illegal German air fleets and their techniques for dive bombing.

The story put out by Winterbotham, that British Intelligence at the outbreak of World War II managed with the help of a Polish defector to obtain a precise copy of the highly complex German

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coding machine known as Enigma, has the earmarks of a cover story, but the results it produced were the real thing. In this very readable book put together in some haste when the "Top Secret" lid was taken off the story, Winterbotham describes how after months of intensive effort a team of top British mathematicians and cryptanalysts were able to duplicate the Nazi coding machine. With the help of another highly sophisticated machine they intercepted and deciphered German signals to and from Hitler and his generals, often within minutes. The special intelligence obtained from this source was code-named Ultra; its high-priority use explains why Eisenhower became a Charlie McCarthy to Churchill's Edgar Bergen. It also explains why the war kept degenerating into a private joust between Hitler and Churchill in which the commanding generals on both sides, jealous of their stolen prerogatives, tended to avoid implementing the orders of their supreme commanders, with the result that both war machines often failed to fulfill their inherent potential.

For anyone who survived the Second World War, Winterbotham's book will be heady reading. It is full of facts and figures that cast new light on the main events of the war, which will now require some drastic revision by military historians. It is a pity that Winterbotham, who served as security officer and chief disseminator of the Ultra information throughout the war—when any error would be deadly—should have been slipshod enough in his book to twice mislabel the Fourteenth German Army on a single page and on the same page mistake May thirteenth for May thirtieth.

Ironically, the very high standard of intelligence provided by Ultra was sometimes so surprising that it risked not being believed by Eisenhower and his subordinates. However, when acted upon, it permitted the Allies a whole series of narrow escapes. Thanks to Ultra, the British expeditionary force in France and Belgium was able to extricate itself at Dunkirk and live to fight another day. During the Battle of Britain, Ultra's precise information about the strength and targets of the Luftwaffe, enabled British fighter pilots to whittle down the German bomber squadrons and avoid a mass confrontation which Goering counted on to destroy the RAF and pave the way for Hitler's "Sealion" invasion of Britain.

In the Western Desert Ultra enabled Montgomery to outfox Rommel at the very gates of Cairo, then turn the tide at Alamein. Thereafter it was shooting ducks in Mare Nostrum for the Navy which had the exact course and sailing date of every convoy destined to replenish Rommel. On the other hand, the massive Allied convoys bearing troops for the Northwest African landings were able to sail unmolested past a pack of forty German submarines carefully spotted by Ultra.

Even in the West the great battles hung on Ultra. In France after D-day General Omar Bradley was able to dig in and withstand a massive counterattack conceived and personally directed by Hitler, which could have routed the Allies and driven them back to the sea. Thanks to Ultra the attack was stemmed, with massive carnage, and was turned into the decisive defeat of the Germans in the West. Had Allied commanders not been bickering, thirty thousand Germans might not have slipped away in the fog.

But just as *The Ultra Secret* validates Hitler's wartime flair, it constitutes a granite epitaph to the delinquencies and incompetencies of generals on the Allied side. In Italy, had Allied commanders taken full and proper advantage of the Ultra information at their disposal they could have destroyed Kesselring's Tenth and Fourteenth Armies. Instead, they repeatedly failed.

When General Mark W. Clark, who was to form and command the US Fifth Army, was first briefed on Ultra he apparently did not grasp the importance of what he was being told and left the briefing saying he had other things to attend to. Patton replied to Winterbotham: "You know, young man, I think you had better tell all this to my Intelligence staff. I don't go much on this sort of thing myself. You see, I just like fighting."

As D-day for Salerno approached, the Allies had the benefit of Hitler's messages to and from his commander in the Italian theater, General Albert Kesselring. Why General Maxwell Taylor was allowed to call off the landing of the 82nd Airborne division around Rome when Eisenhower was reading Hitler's signals to Kesselring to retire, is one of the great coverup mysteries of the war.

And at Anzio when General Lucas' amphibious corps landed successfully with complete strategic surprise, he could easily have fulfilled Churchill's orders to cut the German supply lines along the Alban Hills. Instead, Lucas did not move because Clark specifically warned him "don't stick your neck out

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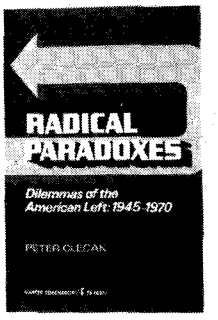

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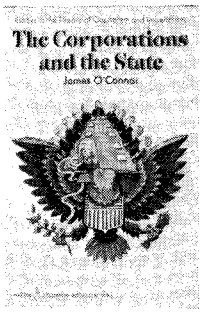

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the way I did at Salerno." Both Clark and Alexander visited the beachhead on D-day and refused to order Lucas forward. As one correspondent reported the scene: "They came, they saw, they conquered." Thus Churchill's brilliantly conceived strategic force was stranded on the beach, and almost destroyed.

The explanation for this near disaster at Anzio when Kesselring mustered enough forces to throw the VI Corps back into the sea is attributable to Ultra in reverse. In the files of the Office of the Chief of Military History is a note from General Strong, Alexander's chief of intelligence in Italy, saying that Alexander was loath to order Lucas to advance because he was waiting to hear of the whereabouts of a certain German Panzer division. He was waiting, it is now clear, for an Ultra signal to tell him what to do. When no signal came, he lost the unique opportunity of taking Rome, breaking the deadlock at Cassino, and of bottling up Kesselring's Tenth Army. When Lucas was dead, Alexander cavalierly put the blame on him for lacking in boldness.

Because of *The Ultra Secret* a whole new series of books may now be written about the campaigns of military heroes who were neither heroic nor astute as depicted in the headlines, but merely hitting the German where Ultra told them he was weakest.

Well may Winterbotham ask: "Was not Ultra the real architect of the Allied victories in World War II?"

The penchant of the military to write and rewrite military history so as to cover their own mistakes and perpetuate the myth of their valor is one of the defects of the system. It leads to false heroes who, in peacetime, succeed in snowing the voters. Once in office they drag with them such political detritus as Richard Milhous Nixon. Military records should be in civilian control, quickly accessible to citizen review; and there should be draconian penalties for the falsification of military records. Headline generals, an unchecked menace to their wartime troops, become a peacetime cancer to the body politic when supported by the myths of hired historians.

Peter Tompkins

Peter Tompkins, an OSS officer in World War II, spent five months behind the German lines organizing intelligence networks. He is the author of three books of military history: *A Spy in Rome, The Murder of Admiral Darlan,* and *Italy Betrayed* (Simon & Schuster).

Eleanor Munro on politics and art

Esthetics aside, from the start the traveling show of Chinese relics that opened in Washington, DC this December had been an exercise in national pride on the part of the People's Republic. There was, too, a measure of swashbuckle on the part of some Americans so eager to get the show that they exhibited little backbone when the Chinese became as intransigent as they had with rivals at home. Inevitably the tour left a trail of disappointed hopes and even bitterness among many Western educators and China scholars. And in the end it may turn out the show won more headlines for the cancellation of its press preview in Washington than for its content. That act, taken at the last minute at Chinese "suggestion" (because they objected to invitations issued to the press of Taiwan, South Korea, South Africa and Israel) was really a last-ditch stand before one American institution that would not bend: the press.

In the Chinese view the 385 objects sent forth on their epochal voyage had one unifying mission: to instruct the West that China survives, that China is the oldest continually integrated culture on earth, and that the Marxist-Leninist-Maoist view of history prevails. There is no argument on the first two points, but as much blood has been sweated by Western museum officials over the third as ever was shed by those famous "blood-sweating" Ferghana horses in the show.

When Chiang Kai-shek removed the Palace Treasures to Taiwan in 1949, it was assumed the mainland had been stripped of its patrimony. Under Chiang, dramatic archaeological digs had been started. From 1950 on hints of more digs underway had crossed Western university desks, but with the Cultural Revolution silence fell, broken only by rumors of wholesale destruction of sites and relics. After China took her place at the UN in 1971, the West began to hear of fresh archaeological finds on display in Peking and provincial museums. Travelers began to report Confucian and Buddhist monuments not only intact but also being refurbished with carefully programmed labels that didactically traced, for worker-peasant-soldier audiences, China's painful evolution through "Primitive," "Slave" and "Feudal" epochs. These subdivisions of vast time are, however, simplistically out of synchronization with Western tables of social evolution. They also imply an epilogue: chronologies in the catalogues for this show terminate with 1840, the year of the imposition of extraterritoriality; in other words the courteously unmentioned era of "Colonialism."

It was over the interpretation of history and the proper use of education, traditionally one of the proudest functions of Western museums, that the trouble started. The Paris exhibition catalog offered richly informative "interpretation according to Marxist historians." Later the distinguished British art historian William Watson, claiming

Photo courtesy of The National Gallery. Bronze vessel of the Han Dynasty: "Slaves weaving under the supervision of a slaveowner."

the privilege of scholarship, dropped the prescribed nomenclature and dealt in historic and esthetic facts and suppositions. His text got by in London, but when Toronto used it, the Chinese insisted that another be handed out, paperbound in pale imperial yellow, labeled "Official and Authentic."

For Washington still more irritating demands were made. The Watson text was banished entirely, though its illustrations were made available in its same glossy cover. A new version of the official and authentic text provided only bare-bones descriptions of the objects. Wall labels were also, by fiat, taken from

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the official text.

The collection itself is intended to convey certain Maoist ideas beyond magnificence (the jade suit) or historical suggestiveness (rare bronzes of early dynasties, and images hinting at Chinese contacts with other Eastern peoples). Thus all the objects are by anonymous hands, teaching that the Chinese genius reposes in the masses. By necessity in an exhibition of recovered relics, but also doubtless by design in this first big venture abroad from the mainland, most of the items are works of sculpture which, as a process of technology or artisanry, might be considered to take precedence over painting, more typically the product of eccentric individual talent. The presence of a model of the Lantien skull and artifacts made by Peking man suggest Mongolian man's equal antiquity with African man's. There are only two overt Buddhist works in the show, suggesting that this foreign ideology had little impact on China. For students of politics, a scrap of Confucian text copied out in 710 AD by a student in Chinese Turkestan offered a challenge to Russian claims of cultural suzerainty there. After one stop in Paris, however, this item was replaced by a written contract for a loan of 10 silver coins with interest, "showing the exploitation in the form of usury at that time." The old Russian issue had taken second place to the revived struggle against Confucius.

The Chinese became more demanding as the show moved on, probably in response to the clamor for media coverage from host nations but also to stiffening attitudes in Peking and the United Nations. When a guest speaker in Stockholm strayed from accepted topics, a rule was improvised against any speakers at all, and that was extended to give the Chinese gradual control over all museum functions relating to the show. Hence the view—distressing to many—of the National Gallery declining to stock a new book on China until the Chinese had approved it, and failing to offer gallery talks in its own galleries except those prerecorded for audiophone. At least there were not in evidence the uniformed soldier-guards from the People's Republic who turned up in Toronto.

On only one score did the Chinese unbend for the United States: out of regard for the size of the country, comparable to their own, and perhaps also in recognition of the long career of Director Laurence Sickman, who salvaged looted art in Peking in the early days of the Kuomingtang, a stop in Kansas City was allowed. Because of its failure to provide elucidation for the crowds it hopes will see the show, the National Gallery did not get a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, which had been ready to fund an ambitious educational project set in motion months ago by American China scholars. The gallery did however get $200,000 from IBM, which it lavished on a lush setting of lucite, nubby silk and crimson carpets. Meanwhile Kansas City is using a grant of about the same amount from the Endowment to mount, hopefully, a heroic campaign sending lecturers and material to potential friends of China as far as Texas and Utah (but not in its own galleries).

It "amused" the Metropolitan Museum in New York to open, the same day as the China show, an exhibition of Impressionist paintings lent from Paris, to be garnished by educational activities underwritten by N.E.H. to the amazing amount of $428,000. The Met believes it initiated the idea of a China show, casually suggesting to the Chinese delegation, when it visited the museum shortly after being seated at the United Nations, that the relics be sent over "to prove they still exist." The challenge was seriously received, and on Chinese recommendation a letter framed to Chou En-lai and delivered by Henry Kissinger. The kind of jockeying behind the scenes customary before international borrowings or buyings of art ensued with the Met and then-Gov. Rockefeller trying to get the show for New York, and the White House, the State Department and Paul Mellon, for Washington. Our "national" gallery won out (Kissinger, as Secretary of State, sits on its board of trustees). Such personal triumphs, however, made it less likely the hosts would risk cancellation by insisting on prerogatives basic to useful and amicable cultural exchange.

As I left the Chinese show, with its suavely programmed "audience flow," I passed a corner where hung, temporarily forgotten, last September's sensation, the Georges de la Tour *Repentant Magdalene*, bought for a price, some say, as high as eight million dollars. There she hung, lit by a single orange flame, in contemplation of her sins and those of the world.

Eleanor Munro

Eleanor Munro often writes about art and China. Her last book is *Through the Vermilion Gates.*

Fine Print

Doris Grumbach

The logical way to present poetry by living poets to the public is, of course, orally. The ideal is to hear the poet read his work in person. Poetry is written to be heard, so the three issues of **Black Box** (PO Box 4174, Washington, DC 20015), poetry on tape cassettes and read by poets, is a close approximation of the Homeric prototype. Now the editor, Alan Austin, offers his public a "trial subscription" of $15 for four issues, starting with the current one, number three, if you follow me.

I have listened to the three *Black Boxes* now available. The first appeared in 1972 — two C-90 audio cassettes attractively boxed, playing time three hours (price at the time five dollars and a bargain at that). It contains such up-and-coming younger poets reading their recent work as Etheridge Knight, Marge Piercy, Todd Gitlin, others. Interesting as the readings were they seemed to my untrained ear to be uneven in both recording quality and poetic value. But always interesting.

The second *Black Box* was better. The price went up a bit ($7.95), but so did both the variety and the quality. I particularly enjoyed the Ishmael Reed-/Ortiz Walton "Hoodoo Songs," Robert Creeley's "Listen: A Radio Play," and the Lucille Clifton reading of her two poems, brief as it was.

The third volume of the cassette-poetry magazine contains two poets of note: Sonia Sanchez and Robert Bly. What it lacks in variety and contrast it gains in intensity and depth. To hear Bly, for example, read "The Teeth Mother Naked at Last" is a moving experience; I can recall only one other, almost-as-moving reading of that historic (1968) poem, by Norman O. Brown to a small seminar of students in Albany, New York.

Number three of this innovative experiment in "publishing" poetry has its faults, as any collection of poetry would have. Some of the poems are interesting to listen to, some less so. At times the voice of the poet (Bly is a case in point) does not have enough intrinsic interest to hold the listener's attention. But the cassette has the advantage of a book, and none of the disadvantages of a

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public reading. It can be turned off when one grows weary; a favorite piece can be played over and over again.

I find myself rambling on about these tapes, but they're worth my space and your attention. They are an experiment, often successful, and perhaps an indication of a coming alternative to the book —but not a *cheaper* alternative, it should be noted.

A fellow literary editor, Raymond A. Schroth, SJ, of *Commonweal* has written an uncommonly interesting book, a revision of his doctoral thesis, about the life story of a famed newspaper, called **The Eagle and Brooklyn.** It is not solely out of friendship that I call the book to your attention, although there is that, but also because the history of the *Eagle* and the history of the borough in which it was published were so parallel. Growing up in Manhattan I remember thinking one needed a visa to go to Brooklyn, and this book on Brooklyn's proud newspaper suggests that it *was* another country of a sort, a place with its own identity, culture, self-awareness.

Schroth writes that the newspaper, of which his father was an editor and his uncle the last publisher, helped to give Brooklyn a pride in itself; its decline (founded in 1841, it died in 1955) was the decline of Brooklyn as an integral and prideful community whose nature had changed, whose "old spirit" had disappeared. In the more than 100 years of its existence the paper boasted such distinguished editors as Walt Whitman, Thomas Kinsella, St. Clair McKelway and Cleveland Rodgers. Schroth's history does full justice to the excitement, interest and spirit of its subject (Greenwood Press; $12.95).

The importance of **Lanza del Vasto** to the young, the peace-loving, the humane is evident in the publication late last year of four of his works. Del Vasto is a Christian disciple of Gandhi who renamed him Shatidas, servant of peace. Almost 40 years ago del Vasto met Gandhi, returned to his native France to found the nonsectarian Community of the Ark, a religious group "of spinners, weavers and gardeners" who base their lives upon nonviolent social action. His first journey to India, described in **Return to the Source** (1972, Schocken, still in print), was a French best-seller. **Gandhi to Vinoba** is his account of his return to India to "encounter" Gandhi's successor, Vinoba Bhave, now almost 80. This was the first del Vasto book I read. It is an inspiring (yes, the right word) account of Vinoba's life and of del Vasto's accompanying him on a march to convince landowners they had to give up some land for distribution among the poor. *Gandhi to Vinoba* (Schocken; $7.95) does what del Vasto says it will do: it shows "India as I found her, a land of horror, grandeur and grace."

But the book of his that moved me most was a slim volume published by Schocken ($4.95) last June called **Principles and Precepts of the Return to the Obvious.** Here are 324 aphorisms that sometimes will remind you of Franz Kafka, other times of Dorothy Day. On silence he writes: "Be silent much in order to have something to say worth hearing. But again be silent to hear yourself." Number 291 says: "If you dislike war, respect your neighbor. And cherish the man who comes from afar. Venerate the distance in him . . . love the man in your neighbor. Love God in the man who comes from afar."

Photo by Chanterelle del Vasto

Alfred Knopf has contributed to the widespread attention now being paid to del Vasto by simultaneously publishing in November two books of his writings, **Make Straight the Way of the Lord** and **Warriors of Peace: Writing on the Technique of Nonviolence** (each, $7.95). Both are collections of his writings, the first "the essence of his teaching, his philosophy, his way of life" according to the publisher; the second an account of the 30 Companions of the Ark's campaigns "against torture, against interment camps, for the right to conscientious objection . . . and against the Bomb." I have only read the two Knopf volumes in hasty passing, but they now sit among the small stack of books, together with *Principles and Precepts*, that I expect to return to.

Further Blank Look: Elaine Reuben contributes an item to the raging controversy on Nothing Books, by telling me that in 1967 she bought, to use as a journal, a volume called *Blank Book*, put out by the Altoan Press in Palo Alto, Calif. It sold at the time for three dollars, had, of course, nothing on its pages, and clearly pre-dates *The Nothing Book* I so satirically referred to in these columns (*TNR*, Dec. 28, 1974).

After litigation, and following the illegal use of his material, Kurt Vonnegut has become the first American author to have his fiction published in USSR through Soviet contracts with the American publishers Dell and Seymour Lawrence. **Breakfast of Champions** will thus continue to appear in the Soviet *Literary Gazette of Moscow*, with permission and royalty payment, after two chapters had appeared without them, despite USSR's recent agreement to adhere to the Universal Copyright Convention. Vonnegut is extremely popular in USSR, to the extent that *Slaughterhouse Five* is about to be done there on stage — as a musical.

You stand in isolation like the first bloom
of some enchanted plant. Around you lies a field
of sullen energy where strange creatures
only seen by you move in slow motion
with majestic beauty, their sharp hooves
spraying broken glass like water, the field
covered with the stained glass of old
cathedrals. And you are trapped in this magic
terrible land you more than half desire. I think
I hear you crying, I think you think
no one can reach you. Don't cry; look:
I'm taking off my shoes.
I'm coming in.

Peter Meinke

Peter Meinke teaches English at Eckerd College, Florida.

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Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

On Anti-Semitism

To the editors:

Hill and Knowlton is not nor has it ever been retained by "an Arab consortium," as Stanley Karnow wrote in "Anti-Semitism on the Rise?" (*TNR*, Dec. 14, 1974). In January 1972 we terminated our activity for the government of Saudi Arabia which in previous years had asked us to assist in a PR activity aimed at attracting nonoil investments to that country. This is the only association we have ever had with an Arab government or any other Arab interest and was completely nonpolitical.

Loet A. Velmans
Vice Chairman of the Board
Hill and Knowlton, Inc.

To the editors:

I was particularly impressed with the incisive and factual discussion by your associate editor, Stanley Karnow, in his article "Anti-Semitism On The Rise?" (*TNR*, Dec. 14, 1974). . . .

However there is one small footnote that I think should be added. Mr. Karnow primarily deals with unjustified fears of anti-Semitism in light of the apparent objective realities *at the present time*. But Mr. Karnow quite correctly notes at the end of his article that "a deepening recession that produced armies of unemployed would trigger the search for scapegoats . . ." and could eventually "make [Jews] targets for reprisal." While it is reassuring that we may not yet have reached such an abyss, isn't it terribly important to consider how we can avoid this kind of minority scapegoating in the all too possible event of an economic collapse — not only with respect to Jews, but also with respect to other vulnerable minority groups that, like Jews, are potential victims?

Steven A. Sindell
Cleveland, Ohio

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UN and the Mideast

To the editors:

Former American Ambassador Charles Yost's casual dismissal of PLO terrorism ("outrageous as terrorism is, we must not forget that it has been used in similar struggles by French revolutionaries, Russians, Yugoslavs, Israelis, Algerians and many others") overlooks certain fundamental facts that distinguish PLO barbarism from terrorist acts of the other revolutionary movements the author cites ("Whose United Nations?" *TNR*, Dec. 28, 1974).

Participants in other "liberation" causes never sought to eliminate the very existence of the home country, a goal Arafat and his comrades have vowed to "achieve." Neither did these other revolutionaries try to massacre all inhabitants of the country they could, regardless of the victims' economic class or national origin. Nor did they attempt to kill innocent foreign nationals visiting the country.

For example there is no precedent for the recent terrorist hand grenade attack on a bus carrying tourists from Jacksonville, Florida, an appalling spectacle resulting in the amputation of the leg of a 16-year-old American schoolgirl who had come to visit the Holy Land at Christmas. No doubt her attackers will be hailed as conquering heroes in Arab nations from the Maghreb to the Mashrik, as have the terrorists, hijackers and murderers of children who perpetrated earlier acts of carnage.

Even the murder of Yost's diplomatic compatriot, the American ambassador to Sudan who was killed in Khartoum in 1973, was applauded by sympathizers of the terrorists. There but for fortune could have gone Yost himself had he served in Sudan during the 1970s, instead of representing America in other Arab countries, Syria and Morocco, during an earlier period.

The supreme irony for the Third World majority at the United Nations, about whom Yost writes, is that while their ambassadors were giving Arafat a standing ovation in New York, their other delegates were attending the World Food Conference in Rome, where they were simultaneously condemning America and begging for our aid to alleviate the famine provoked in part by the high cost of Arab petroleum.

Lou Gerber
Washington, DC

To the editors:

Charles Yost, having served as US ambassador in Syria and Morocco, has, unwittingly perhaps, but more likely knowingly, accepted as truth the propaganda put forth by the Arab bloc.

In his devil's advocate piece — "Whose United Nations?" (*TNR*, Dec. 28, 1974) — he drags out once more the nonsensical notion that the Jews or the Israelis are to blame for ". . . two generations of Palestine refugees to pass their lives in economic squalor and a political vacuum." The fact is that these so-called "refugees" left Palestine at the behest of Arab governments in the 1948 invasion of the just-formed state of Israel, of their own volition, expecting to return to their previous homes and plenty of loot, after the Jews had been driven into the Mediterranean. Unfortunately for them, things turned out quite differently.

But whatever the real reason for the "refugee" problem, the fact that those people still — after almost 30 years — live in squalid refugee camps is clearly the doing of Arab governments. Even much less affluent countries could have been able to absorb one or two million (they become more as time goes by) of their compatriots with ease in just a few years. That the Arabs, by far the richest people in the world, should have been "unable" to do so in all these years is simply not credible. The truth is, of course, that they have been and still are being kept in squalor and are being exploited by Arab governments for political purposes. The "growing sense of guilt" of the Third World and Yost's vicarious crocodile tears for this phony issue, which has received widespread acceptance because of its steady repetition, are simply not warranted.

Not only phony, but even more vicious, is Yost's statement regarding terrorism. He deplores it, but finds it somehow acceptable and justifiable, because "everybody," including the Israelis, has acted in this manner to achieve liberation. This is another big lie that, by dint of constant repetition, has received some acceptance. The fact is that the pre-state Israelis had their terror fringe (Irgun, Stern Gang) who operated against military targets and against political personalities but who, not in their wildest extremes, committed acts that remotely compare to the steady assault on innocent civilians, aircraft, movie audiences and other helpless and nonmilitary victims that are the specialty of Arab terrorists. More

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important, at no time were these terrorists accepted or condoned by world Jewry or by the pre-Israel Jewish settlers of Palestine. They play, of course, no role in modern Israel. Specific acts of Arab terrorism not only are tolerated by Arab governments, but are perpetrated at their behest and with their connivance and for direct political purposes.

Mr. Yost is a smart man and I would expect that he knows all of these things.

Gerardo Joffe
San Francisco, Calif.

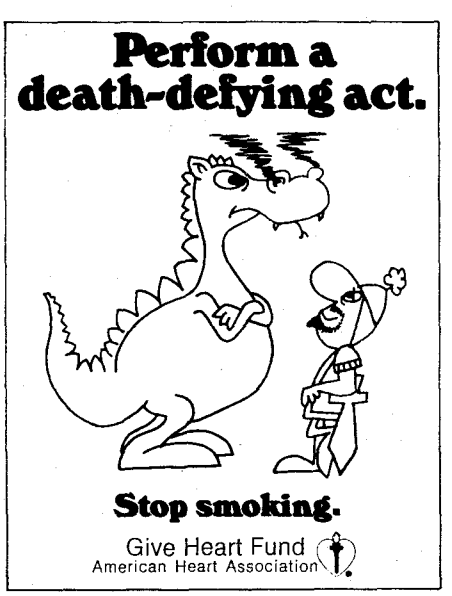
The UFW Struggle

To the editors:

As a farm worker I appreciated Peter Barnes' clear, fair and well balanced account of the United Farm Workers' struggle for survival ("Chavez Against the Wall," *TNR*, Dec. 7). He very ably outlines our goals and the strength of those who want to destroy us—the growers, the Teamsters and hostile government officials.

Mr. Barnes, however, did not mention the fact that we are not alone. Our efforts have been sustained by the goodwill and support of millions who believe in human decency and social justice and who fight side by side with us. Above all, we have the support of the 14 million workers like ourselves who belong to AFL-CIO unions. They have contributed money. They have walked hours on our picket lines to help spread our boycott message throughout the country . . . That fact gives us our complete confidence that we will win our fight, however long it takes.

Gilbert Padilla
Secretary-Treasurer UFW



Comment : TRB from Beirut

To the editors:

I have long been an admirer of TRB, and indeed his column is the first thing I read each week in *The New Republic*, but I was quite upset with his recent article from Beirut (*TNR*, Dec. 7, 1974). I have just returned from Lebanon, Jordan and Israel where I was a co-leader of an interreligious study tour of the Middle East, and although he captured the flavor of Beirut quite well, I believe several of his statements are in error or need clarification.

First, the Jewish population of Lebanon today is nowhere near 10,000. I spent time with the Jewish community while I was in Beirut and a more accurate figure is between 2500 and 3000, and unfortunately even that number is dropping rapidly due to emigration. Although the Jews in Lebanon appear at this time to be in no physical danger, they are in fact under intense psychological and emotional pressure living as a minority in an Arab state.

Second, his statement "to make a homeland for the Jews, Palestinians were ousted" is both simplistic and inaccurate in describing the creation of the State of Israel. The land of Israel has always been the Jewish homeland since biblical times and the origin of the Arab refugee problem in 1948 is complicated and not as one-sided as he makes it out to be. Many thousands of Palestinian Arabs fled their homes on orders from Arab leaders, and they intended to return in a short time after the Israelis were defeated in order to take over Jewish property.

In addition I can attest after visiting refugee camps in both Lebanon and Jordan that the Palestinian refugee question has been kept alive by Arab leaders for political purposes. TRB, however, gives only a one-dimensional and unbalanced description of this cruel Arab policy of human manipulation that has resulted in great human suffering and misery.

A. James Rudin
New York City

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

Another American romance, of quite a different kind, has had a further film incarnation. *The Front Page* by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur was first produced on Broadway in 1928, directed by George S. Kaufman. (As noted last week, Kaufman also did the first production of *Of Mice and Men.*) There were film versions in 1931 and 1939 (the latter called *His Girl Friday*, with Hildy Johnson made female). Now Billy Wilder has done it again, from a screenplay by himself and his usual collaborator I.A.L. Diamond.

I've seen derisive comments about the latest film because it doesn't present newspaper life as it really is or even as it was in the 1920s. But did *The Front Page* ever try to do this? Were Hecht and MacArthur the Dreisers of the newspaper field or did they—as Hawthorne defined romance—present the truth "under circumstances, to a great extent, of the writer's own choosing or creation"? The latter, I think. They succeeded because, in addition to their abilities in structure and dialogue, they touched a public appetite for brass, breeziness and basic meliorism, the kidder kidding about serious matters with the kidding as serious as the seriousness. The free-wheeling virtuoso reporter was a wisecracking D'Artagnan whose cracks were as important as the latter's sword. He was never any more or less true to life than D'Artagnan.

Wilder's version, for all its rushing about, is bulgy and soft. Wilder seems a bit tired. His last film, *Avanti!* (1973), had a feeble script, but every scene was carefully, characteristically directed. Not here. Much of it seems almost anonymous.

The plot, you may remember, deals with the escape of a condemned man, crooked politics, and newspaper competition in the Chicago Criminal Courts Building. Walter Matthau, as a tough editor, is more forced than he is at his best. Jack Lemmon, his ace reporter, looks and plays like a vaudevillian who has stopped by the press room. Carol Burnett, as the prostitute who was used originally as melodramatic flotsam, plays for deep tragedy. Only Austin Pendleton, as the nutty little murderer, gives a performance of some freshness.

It's not the romance that spoils this film, it's the lack of faith in romance. This *Front Page* is half-nostalgic, half-modernized (homosexual jokes, for instance). Dangling between two stools, it never finds its feet.

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